OCTOBER 25c

Coronet

w Treatments for
rh Blood Pressure

WINE, WOMEN AND DIAMO
The Story of the Aga Kha

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"'LOOK! Here's a Model T and a Stanley Steamer!' shouted Bill. 'Gosh those jalopies are even older than you Dad!' 'Don't flatter me, Bill,' I said, 'that Stanley Steamer's a dead ringer for the one my father drove when I was a kid!'

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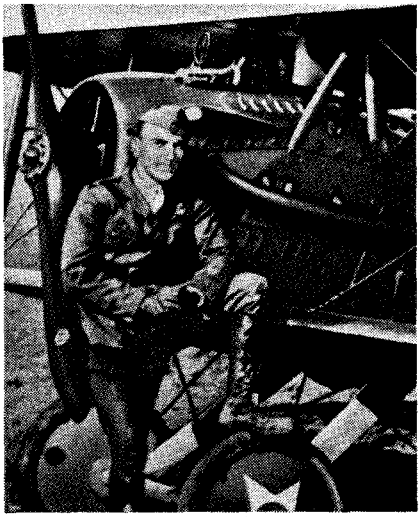
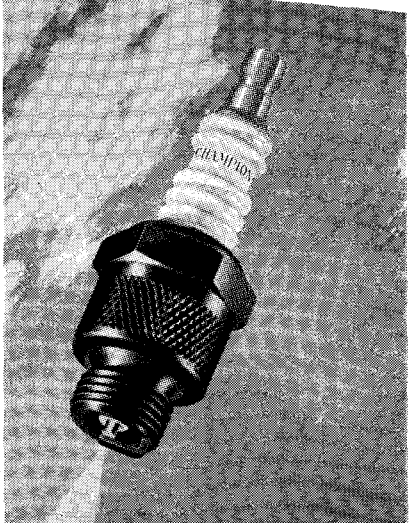
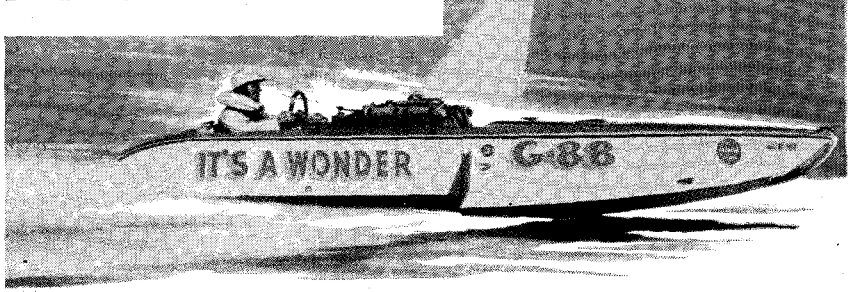
Mate to CAPT. EDDIE RICKENBACKER'S 1917 Engine

STILL HITS 100 M.P.H. WITH CHAMPIONS







In World War I, Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker, now President and General Manager of Eastern Air Lines, flew a Hispano-Suiza powered Spad. Today, another 36-year-old Hisso—the oldest engine registered with the American Power Boat Association—powers the speedboat, "It's A Wonder."

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Magic Lantern.....CHARLES HAWES

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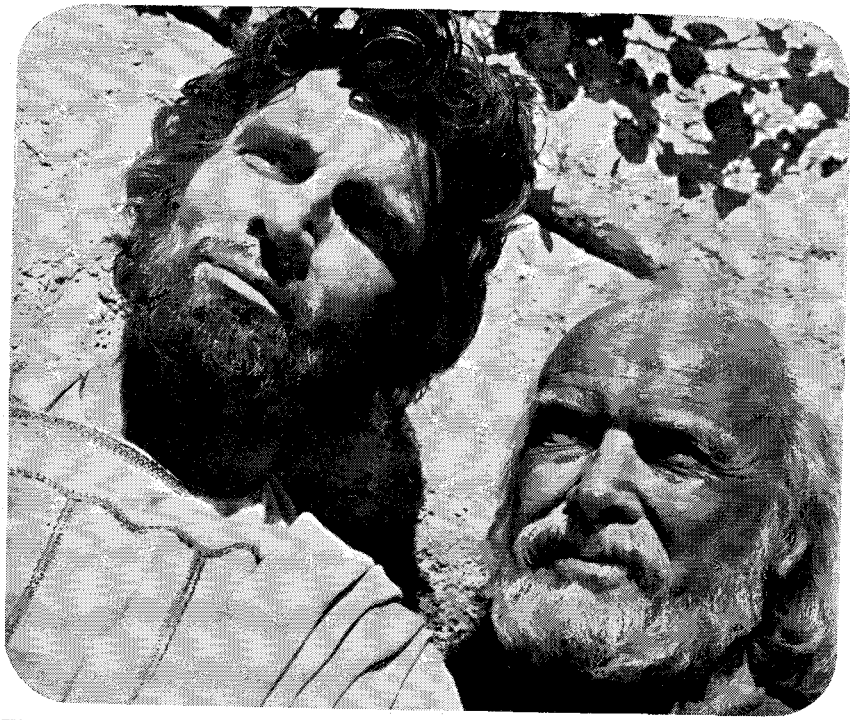

The Disciples: Michael Rennie as Peter, and Dean Jagger as the weaver, Justus.

THE MONTH'S BEST...

The Converts: Marcellus *(Richard Burton)* the executioner, and Diana *(Jean Simmons)*, the girl who loves him.

THE ROBE

PRODUCER FRANK ROSS heard about *The Robe* before novelist Lloyd Douglas had even finished writing it, and was so taken with its provocative theme—a man's tortured search for truth—that he paid $100,000 for the screen rights. Eleven years passed. *The Robe* sold 2,500,000 copies in English and was translated into 27 other languages. Now, 20th Century-Fox brings this magnificent story of a sublime faith to the screen, a story of the epic days when Christian martyrs vied with pagan Rome for the souls of men.

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The Frame of Light That's Kinder to Your Eyes

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Mrs. R. Freeden

READ the *voluntary* statements of these owners about HALOLIGHT—the frame of light that softens the contrast between the bright picture and the surrounding darkness.

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How to Eat Spaghetti

DON'TS

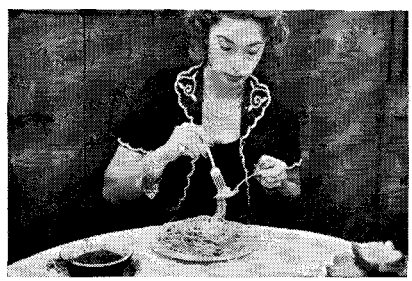
Never attempt to spear an endless mass of spaghetti. Most of it will elude your mouth and wind up on your clothes.

Cutting it with knife and fork reveals your amateur status; at that rate, it would take a week to down a plateful.

Nor is there any need to sip spaghetti strands from your fork. This technique is too noisy, sloppy and ineffective.

DO'S

First, slide your fork *under* a reasonable amount of spaghetti and wind until you can safely raise it from your plate.



Now the spoon comes into play: holding it under the fork, twist the spaghetti until all loose ends are gathered.

For the final thrust, lean forward over your plate—even experts lose a strand occasionally. Now go back for more.

Posed by Bob and Ray and Audrey Meadows of NBC at Leone's Restaurant, New York City.

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Still Tired after a night's sleep?

New medical findings revealed! You may actually be "starved" for the RIGHT KIND of sleep

AT BEDTIME and especially during the long nighttime hours without food, your brain may become *starved* for blood sugar, your vital "sleep food." Result: You may feel too nervous to *go* to sleep, too restless to sleep *well*.

How you can help your body get the "sleep food" it needs. Take something before bed that will help maintain your blood sugar supply. Sweet, sugary foods are too quickly burned up . . . but the new Postum Nightcap is ideal. Made with

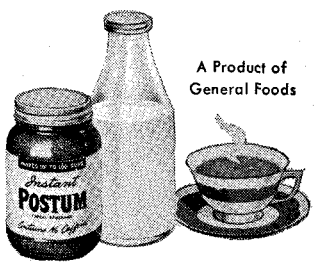
INSTANT POSTUM and hot milk, a drugless Postum Nightcap is good-tasting, safe—helps assure a *slow, steady* supply of "sleep food" . . . the kind that helps give you more refreshing sleep *tonight*, a brighter, more productive day *tomorrow*.

The new Postum Nightcap is safe and so easy—try one tonight! If the *right* kind of sleep is a problem for you—get yourself a jar of

INSTANT POSTUM and try the new Postum Nightcap tonight. It's easy—just a teaspoon of INSTANT

POSTUM in a cup of hot milk. See if you don't sleep better, *nights*—wake to more energetic *days*. Remember, too, that POSTUM is a great mealtime beverage—no caffein, no "Coffee Nerves"!

The "SLEEP-FOOD" Nightcap for sleepless Millions!



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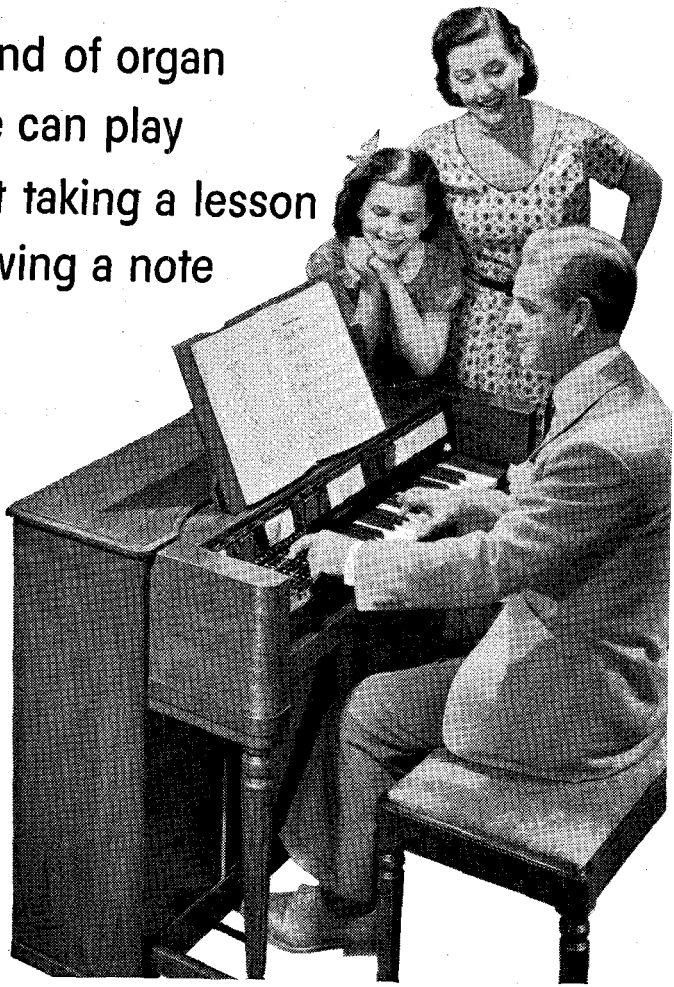
New Musical Miracle

New kind of organ
anyone can play
without taking a lesson
or knowing a note



The Hammond Chord Organ

made by the makers of the world-famous Hammond Organ

MUSIC'S MOST GLORIOUS VOICE

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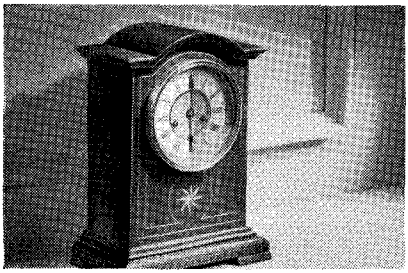
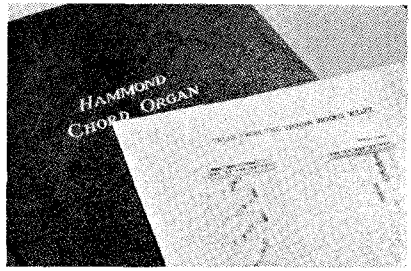
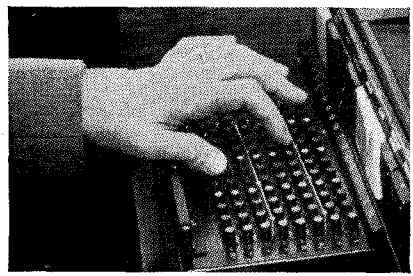


In half an hour you can play a beautiful, full-chorded selection on the revolutionary new Hammond Chord Organ.



You needn't read music. Our new, easy "Picture Music" shows which keys you play to make the melody notes.

A finger at a time on a key at a time produces lovely melodies, beautiful tones on the Hammond Chord Organ.



One finger, left, hand presses a button and makes rich, resonant organ chords that take 3 to 5 fingers on other instruments.

You, your family, your friends can share a world of fun in making music in your own home with a Hammond Chord Organ.

And, you'll be amazed how quickly you progress with the hundreds of selections in the library of music provided. Popular ballads, old favorites, semi-classics—all are included and you play what *you* like.

The more you play the more you enjoy the Hammond Chord Organ.

You will never outgrow this instrument. For as easy as it is to play, it offers an almost limitless variety of tones and solo effects.

The cost of the Hammond Chord Organ is $975 f.o.b. Chicago. Your dealer offers rental-purchase or generous terms. Invest 30 minutes in a Hammond Chord Organ now and find out what wonderful music *you* can make.

MAIL TODAY FOR FULL DETAILS

Hammond Instrument Co.
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Chicago 39, Illinois

Without cost or obligation, please send me full details about the Hammond Chord Organ and the name of my nearest dealer.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

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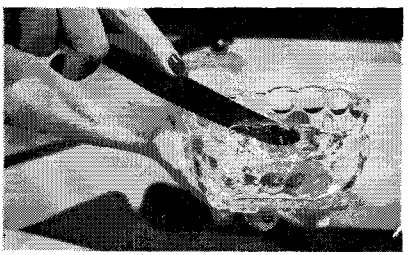
HOUSEHOLD HINTS

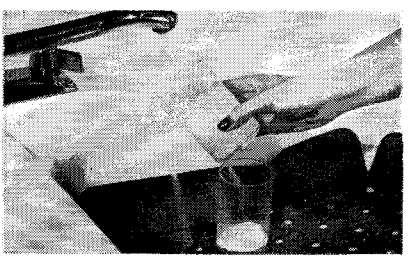
First Aid for Glassware

Follow these simple rules to protect your glassware and keep it sparkling

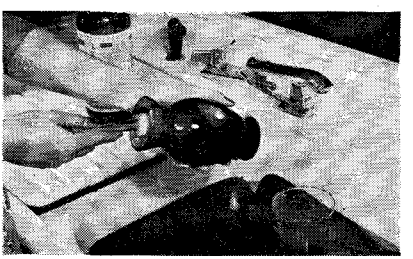


Don't pull at glass dishes which are stuck together. Put cold water in inner glass, hold outer one in warm water.

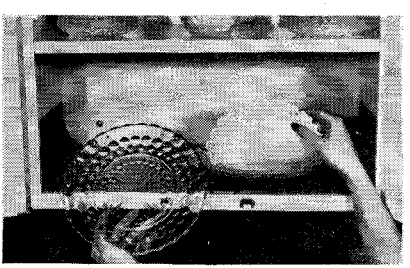
Add a little ammonia or detergent to wash water, rinse in water of equal temperature, air-dry with rims down.



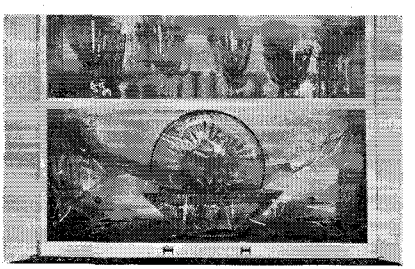
Rinse milk glasses in lukewarm water first; soda helps remove stubborn stains. Rinse wine glasses right after using.



In cleaning flower vases, a chlorine-bleach solution is a good deodorant; a brush or washcloth cleans the bottom.



Whenever you stack glass plates for long-time storage, be sure to use either doilies or napkins to separate them.



To protect occasionally used special pieces, tape a piece of plastic to shelf and drape it in front of glassware.

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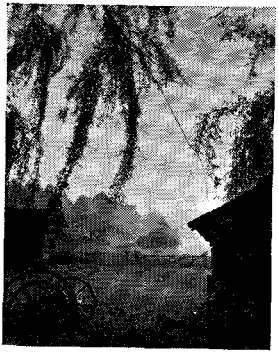

Rainbow-like colors adorn the Blue Ridge Mountains.

New England's famed maple trees blaze with glory.

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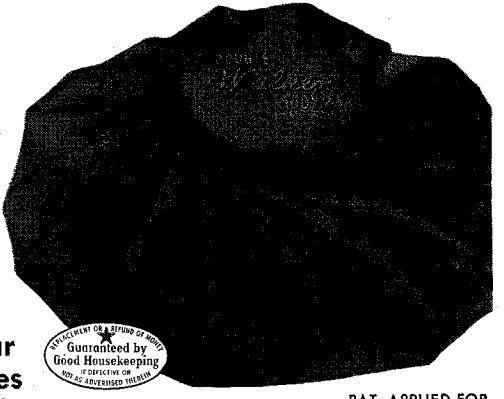
NEW! Walker DOUBLE-DUTY

NYLON HOT WATER BAG — ICE CAP



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Covers 25% more ailing area than the old familiar water bottle . . . and saves you 30-43% over cost of the 2 items it replaces.

$2.98 *at your druggist's, or write direct*

THIS HOT-OR-COLD MARVEL HAS A 5-YEAR GUARANTEE AND A 5-POINT CLAIM TO FAME

1 **Economical:** you need only *one* bag; switch DOUBLE DUTY from hot water to ice cubes in seconds.

2 **Effective:** it gives 25% wider area coverage wherever applied; it actually drapes to body contours.

3 **Leak-Proof:** pressure simply safety-seals the rubber-encased top, making it even tighter.

4 **Comfortable to Use:** soft, silky nylon "cushions" the shock of extreme heat or cold. It never "sweats". Holds heat longer without "burny" sensation.

5 **Lightweight:** the perfect traveler. Weighs a mere 4 ounces. Holds standard 2 quarts. Packs to fist size. Dries in a wink.

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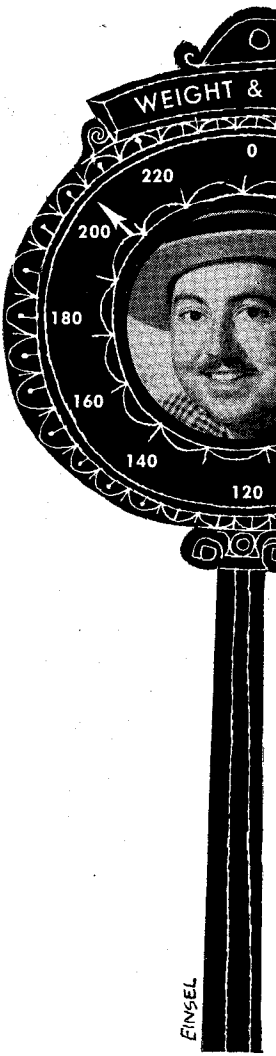

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come into your life
when WILLIAM WATERMAN
visits you as
THE GREAT GILDERSLEEVE
the Romeo of
Water-Commissioners!
NBC RADIO

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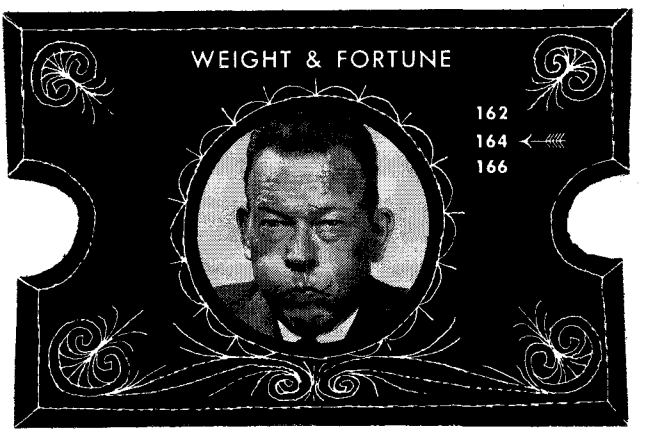
OF LAUGHS



Your future's bright when
FRED ALLEN and his two
Panels of Judges (one from
the audience... one of experts)
select the best acts on

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF

a new surprise panel show!

NBC TELEVISION

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DECORATING

Flower Tricks

YOU CAN HAVE spring in your home all year 'round by following a few suggestions guaranteed to keep blossoms and greens indoors.

Sweet-potato vines are easy to grow and become quite long and thick; they are decorative placed on bookcases or on shelves. To grow them, take an ordinary jar, fill it with water, and place the sweet potato so that half is in water, half is sticking out from the top. Place the jar in a darkened room, closet or basement for a week or so—until the bottom of the potato begins to grow roots. Then put the jar in a sunlit room, and within weeks you will have a sturdy plant. Do not change the water in the jar, but add water to keep it full.

Or take an avocado pit, preferably from a slightly over-ripened pear which has begun to germinate, and allow it to dry. Suspend the pit with match sticks from the rim of a glass filled with water which reaches but does not completely cover the seed. The roots will soon begin to sprout, and a slender reddish stem will appear. Change the water occasionally, and when the seedling is a foot or so high, transfer it to a pot of moist earth. Dark leaves appear at various intervals, and you can expect several inches of growth each month.

Another way to start your own plant would be to cut off one of the side stems of a geranium or African violet. Cut the side shoot where it joins the main stem. Place the side stem in a glass of water for a few days until tiny, hairlike roots appear. Then take the stem out and plant it in a pot which has been filled with soft soil. This process can also be used with ivy, philodendron and pepperonia.

If you like autumn leaves in your home during the winter, cut large branches of elm or beech in October. Place in water to which glycerine has been added. (Use about three ounces of glycerine for each quart.) The glycerine will keep the leaves from drying and falling off.

Some flowers are easy to dry, so as to keep their petals and color during winter months. Hydrangeas are best for this process. Tie a few blossoms in a bundle and hang them upside down in a darkened room. Leave them there for a week or ten days, and when you take them down, the hydrangeas will be ready for arranging.

For window boxes, here are the points to consider:

Size: For a standard-sized single window, a box ten inches wide, three and a half feet long, and eight inches deep is right. However, if your windows can accommodate a longer box, do not merely lengthen the boxes, but enlarge the width and depth proportionally.

Soil: Fertilize window-box soil thoroughly before putting plants in, as the flowers will have no nourishment other than that in the box. Add about one tablespoon of plant food for each square foot of earth.

Placement: If you plant your boxes with annuals, they should have six hours of sunlight a day. If your window boxes are in a shaded area, plant only foliage or non-flowering plants.—PATSY CAMPBELL, *star of the CBS Radio daytime drama, "The Second Mrs. Burton."*

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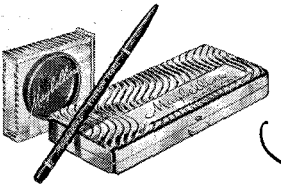

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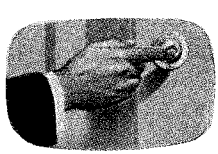

It is sold only through authorized independent distributors. Look in your classified directory under "Vitamins" or "Food Supplements," for the Nutrilite Distributor nearest you... or write Mytinger & Casselberry, Inc., 1732 Santa Fe Avenue, Long Beach, California.

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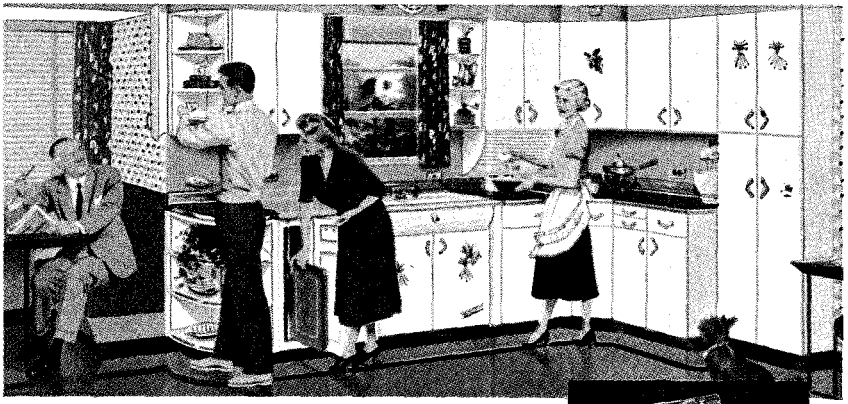
New Diana-style Youngstown Kitchens

A step beyond your kitchen dreams!



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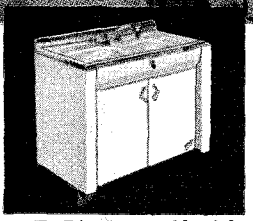

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What's Right with Our Schools!

by ZELDA POPKIN

THE TITLE of this article will surprise many people, since we in America are accustomed to think and talk usually about what is *wrong* with our schools.

Our public-education system functions under a drumfire of criticism, some stemming from ignorance but most from sincere desire to improve. The critics include pressure groups with special axes to grind; certain citizens who, like Rip Van Winkle, have been asleep while the world has changed; parents who want—and deserve—the best for their children, and educators who wish the same thing.

All this is healthy, for education of youth is a most vital function of democracy, and it is right and necessary that we be concerned with educational methods and aims and achievements.

The charge most often heard is that we have not enough schools, that classrooms are overcrowded and good teachers too few. That is so. During the last ten years we have had wars to pay for, great shifts of population and a rising birth-rate. School-building programs have not yet caught up with demand. Nor have bright college graduates rushed into teaching, chiefly because the pay is poor.

In addition, it is claimed that modern education is "soft," not providing discipline, preparation for life or good citizenship; that subject matter neglects the classics to emphasize science and mechanical skills, or, taking the opposite view, wastes time on Homer and Shakespeare which have little practical use; that there are too many fads and frills and not enough solid stuff; that teachers are dangerous subversives or doddering mossbacks.

The whole truth is quite different, and it is high time we examined

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it. The world in which we live has grown bewilderingly complex. Yet we expect that in the dozen years between the ages of six and eighteen, our schools will equip all our children to live happily and to work successfully in that world.

Considering the size of the order, they do remarkably well. That is because, in the last half-century, education has recognized the challenge and shown itself capable of change and of growth. Teachers have drawn closer to parents, working with them to make school years interesting, friendly and rich. In fact, those teachers—trained long and carefully, and paid an average salary of slightly over $3,400 a year—have been the patient performers of a miracle.

The miracle is American education. Let's look at it all in one piece.

IN THE school year of 1952-1953, 34,680,000 children and adults were enrolled in our public and private schools and colleges. This was more than one-fifth of our population. Nothing like it has ever occurred anywhere, at any time. To teach them we had 1,300,000 teachers, principals and supervisors, and that is not enough.

In many of our grade and high schools—and some colleges—instruction, textbooks and materials are furnished without charge. Our children generally receive free transportation to and from school; and many of them, an inexpensive, nourishing hot lunch. For all this we will spend $7,500,000,000, an astronomical sum, yet not so much as we would like to spend.

What do we get for our money? Above all, we get *the expression of our democratic will.*

In half of the world, a Politburo decides what the young mind must receive, and makes certain no teacher deviates by as much as a breath. In the U. S., such decisions are made by the local school board.

The board is a unique instrument of democracy, as intimate and as grass-roots as the New England town meeting. It is made up of substantial citizens—doctor, lawyer, merchant, housewife—representing a cross-section of the population.

These citizens decide, according to their joint wisdom and goodwill, whether the parent-teacher association's demand for a new building, or the common council's pleas for economy, is to be listened to; and what is to be taught, by whom and how. Through them, each community's schools become as good as its taxpayers want them to be. For in the long run, it is the interested citizen who is to be praised or blamed for our schools.

Pasadena proved this. Three years ago this California city was wracked by one of the most sensational battles in public education. The bitter charges and countercharges embracing textbooks, teaching standards and administration divided the city into intense, hostile camps.

When the battle smoke cleared away, the people of Pasadena settled down soberly to x-ray their schools and find their strengths and weaknesses. Committees read every textbook, held public meetings to

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thrash out debatable points. Education became the city's number-one interest. And all Pasadena was dedicated to better schools.

How good is a modern school? What is it actually like?

These are reasonable questions for, after all, many critics are middle-aged adults who haven't set foot in a classroom in 30 years. They have memories, however: the rows of scarred desks bolted to the floor; the grim, compulsory hush; the standing up to read and recite; the baiting of teacher, their official enemy; the dragging hours of boredom; the constant dread of receiving failing marks.

AT RANDOM, I picked two schools to visit recently. One was Hewitt, at Rockville Center, a prosperous Long Island town not far from New York. The building is gracious, not old and not new, two stories high, of mellow red brick set on landscaped lawns. Its 800 pupils come from middle-class homes.

You go through wide, clean corridors to the principal's office, a small quiet room with green plants on the window sills. The control board of the public-address system —capable instantly of reaching one classroom or all—reminds you that this is a modern school. The principal is a veteran educator, sensible and kindly, a respecter of children, proud of his staff which includes a psychologist, social worker, dental hygienist and nurse.

The classrooms are large, sunswept, and gay with "art work" done by the children. Their vivid, imaginative paintings are a far cry from the stilted water colors of a single flower, which was called "art work" a generation ago. There are toys and games, low tables and chairs, as well as new desks.

The children move about freely. They whisper and talk quietly. The teacher doesn't seem to object. She is relaxed. No one acts restless or bored. Indeed, everyone is behaving as if he liked being here. The old-time jail atmosphere has completely disappeared.

I went next to P. S. 57 in New York City's East Harlem. The building is of crumbling brick, five stories high, part of which is nearly 100 years old. P. S. 57 has 3,000 pupils, mostly Negroes and Puerto Ricans. The school is jampacked. One class has to meet in the library.

The staircases here are iron and steep, the walls a drab gray, the principal's office a narrow cubicle. Yet here, too, the classrooms are big, cheerful and colorful, alive with interest and relaxed activity. The methods and materials, the teacher and pupil relationship, the whole atmosphere is identical with that at Hewitt.

These schools of totally different community backgrounds offered living testimony of the new philosophy that has caught on in American education. Simply summed up, it is just as easy to be kind to a child as to be mean to him. He has a right to be happy at school, and he learns as readily, or more readily, by being interested as by the promise of gold stars or the threat of being dropped back a class.

Former U. S. Education Commissioner Earl James McGrath said in Washington recently that our schools no longer merely teach three Rs. They now teach six. "In addition to Reading, 'Riting and 'Rith-

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metic—which more children today learn better than ever before—parents now want their children to learn about Responsibilities, Rights and Relationships as well," he declared. "The 6-R school helps each child to be the best person he can be. He learns the duties of citizenship, how to make a living and how to get along with others."

For this sort of education, the old-fashioned school building has had to be retooled with movable tables and chairs for small groups to work on projects, with laboratories and shops. New textbooks had to be written, based on the interests and backgrounds of today's boys and girls; new readers provided, with heroes like Lou Gehrig, Jane Addams, Alexander Graham Bell, George Washington, heroes that they recognize; modern inventions like the motion picture, the radio, the tape-recorder had to be adapted to classroom use.

Teachers had to be retrained. Here was a difficulty, for minds and habits get stuck in yesterday. It has not been easy for many of them. Six-R education demands that they be not merely disciplinarian, hearer of lessons, corrector of papers; now they must be administrator, psychologist, planner and guide, resourceful and imaginative enough to use a variety of tools.

A Santa Fe, New Mexico, teacher uses a microphone, loudspeaker and tape-recorder as tools to help prepare second-graders to read. The sound of their voices returning to them delights the youngsters, and learning to read is exciting.

A teacher in a Denver junior high realized that his eighth-graders cared more about going to work than learning to spell. He discussed his problem with a prominent local industrialist.

"Let them write me letters of job application," the man said. "I'll answer them."

He kept his word, and this is a typical reply: "Your experience and references are very well stated. However, there are errors in grammar, punctuation and spelling which show you did not check your letter carefully before sending it. While some may feel that these things are unnecessary for a truck driver, attention to detail is an essential part of every job. Drivers must make out reports, prepare bills of lading, compute freight rates. These require accuracy and neatness, and the driver who can do them well will be in line for advancement and higher pay."

This advice was practical—and precisely the incentive the class required to dig into grammar and spelling as preparation for adult life and work.

THE JUNIOR HIGH at Winnetka, Illinois, is organized like a community, with corporate and cooperative enterprises as well as school self-government. Boys and girls operate a mutual insurance company to help carry the shock of dish breakage in the cafeteria. A credit union furnishes savings and loan facilities. A cooperative runs the school store. A dishwashers' union negotiates working conditions for the cafeteria. Students raise bees and sell honey for the benefit of the school-council treasury.

All of these are means by which students learn science and math, along with responsibility, human rights and relationships. "Things

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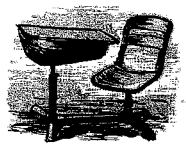
like this," a principal observed, "are not merely training for life. They are the living of life."

Nevertheless, some critics say this is "soft education." Children are enjoying themselves; therefore they can't possibly be learning enough. Besides, there isn't sufficient emphasis on marks, for report cards these days often omit the regular grades. How, then, can we know that standards are being maintained?

The fact is—and educators have made sure of that by continuous tests and measurements—today's children know as much as granddad of the basic subjects, and much more than he ever dreamed of in addition.



The late Nicholas Murray Butler, when president of Columbia University, was for a long while among the skeptics. He dug up a series of examinations on which he had done very well in elementary school, and asked that they be given to children in a modern school. The good marks these youngsters made, however, were enlightening to any skeptic.

The fundamentals of schooling have not been lost; they have merely been added to.

The inattentive or restless child may be under emotional or physical strain. Today's teachers take the trouble to find out what these are. That method gets better results than scolding or punishment. The slow learner is no longer shamed by being left back. He is encouraged by being promoted along with the class, and given special help with his personal difficulties.

This new understanding, along with their proven ability to change and deepen and grow, is a very large part of what's right with our schools. Another important right is their hospitality.

No more severe trial of that hospitality ever faced a community than that presented the New York school system when, after World War II, a flood of Puerto Rican immigrants engulfed the metropolis. These Spanish-speaking American citizens came out of desperate poverty, believing that here was the Promised Land. The big city had few jobs or houses for them; its ways were strange and terrifying.

Angela, José and Manuel came to school for the first time, ill-clad, undernourished and scared—9,000 of them in a single year. The city moved swiftly, and with sympathy. In school, a "welcome booklet" in Spanish and English was given each child.

Wherever possible a special teacher who spoke their language took them under her wing. As though they were honored guests, she made them acquainted first with the school building, its classrooms and offices, auditorium, lunchroom and gym. Then she introduced them to the public library, to parks, zoos and museums.

She explained American foods to them, taught them personal hygiene and how to cross traffic-filled streets, arranged parties for them to meet English-speaking schoolmates. Little by little, they learned English, and their terror began to abate.

"There has been no group for whom more generous provision has ever been made," says Dr. Clare Baldwin, an assistant superintendent who helped to plan the project. "Most school systems would

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have been overwhelmed. We were not. We are building good citizens."

An inspiring new program—The Citizenship Education Project—is helping to build good citizens in another way. President Eisenhower had a large share in that. When he became president of Columbia, he complained he had found that many G.I.s barely knew what good citizenship meant; and with President William F. Russell of Columbia Teachers College, he established this project to train teachers and principals in the know-how of using their cities as laboratories for citizenship. The plan is already part of living education in nearly 1,000 schools. This is how it works:

Teen-agers in New Rochelle, New York, were dismayed by highway accidents in the community. Six of them, who were licensed drivers, studied the condition of roads and streets where accidents most often occurred, watched traffic, took photographs, interviewed police and city officials. They drew up a report, with recommendations, secured adult signatures to a petition endorsing it, and presented it to the city council.

Because they had done the job seriously, they were taken seriously. The available funds were spent on the safety recommendations they had made.

Junior-high students in Midland, Michigan, conducted a house-to-house survey of their town's reading tastes so that the public library might be equipped to serve the community's needs. In Grand Island, Nebraska, high-school students made their project the study of the value of a curfew law.

Learning the facts of civic life and the reasons behind them, then taking an active part is, educators are convinced, the broad highroad to good citizenship. Therein, however, lies only part of the value of this new technique. The impact of alert young people, asking questions all around town, has made many a city aware of the vitality of its schools and their capacity to insure the survival of democracy.

They need never have doubted. American education has been moving steadily forward, tapping the creative springs of national life and enriching it. Our schools are the most hopeful aspect of America. They are good—and they will be better because we want them to be!

Dressed Comments

ACCORDING TO James Laver's "Taste and Fashion," a G. G. Harrup & Co. Ltd. publication, a woman regards the same dress as:

Indecent	10 years before its time	Ridiculous	20 years after its time
Shameless	5 years before its time	Amusing	30 years after its time
Daring	1 year before its time	Quaint	50 years after its time
Smart	right now	Charming	70 years after its time
Dowdy	1 year after its time	Romantic	100 years after its time
Hideous	10 years after its time	Beautiful	150 years after its time

—*The Postage Stamp*

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EDDIE'S INSPIRATION

by KATE SMITH

THREE YEARS AGO, Eddie Dworchak of Paoli, Pennsylvania, was a 10-year-old boy with many things to do. He went to school, ran a paper route, and spent what spare time he had reading to blind children at the Royer Greaves School.

One morning, after delivering his last paper, he stopped in a diner. Two GI's were sitting there, slumped in their seats. They looked lonely, so Eddie spoke to them.

The soldiers told him they were from nearby Valley Forge Hospital. One had fought in Europe, the other in Korea. Both were depressed. "Life in a hospital," one of them grumbled, "is about as exciting as a recipe book."

All day, while his eyes were fixed on spelling and arithmetic books, Eddie's mind was on those men. At 3 o'clock he trudged to the Royer Greaves School for Blind Children, wondering all the way what he could do for the GI's. The children greeted him eagerly, and suddenly —looking at those radiant faces— Eddie had an idea.

The very next afternoon, as soon as school was out, he hurried to the hospital. Attendants were a bit taken aback when the small boy came to look for "two nice GI's—I don't know their names." He found them, finally, in a crowded ward, and, breathless with excitement, announced that he had come to read aloud.

Eddie saw some of the GI's wink at each other as he got out his books, but he tried not to notice. Gradually the ward became quiet, so quiet that the boy's small but steady voice was the only audible sound until he stopped reading; and then there were cheers.

Since that day Eddie has gone to the hospital regularly, twice a week, for over three years. He has come to be a kid brother to every man there. "It's about the only chance at home life many of the soldiers have," Eddie explains.

When the Army found how he boosted morale in Valley Forge, they decided to spread his company to more men. Soon Eddie became a "book jockey"—reading to GI's on Armed Forces Radio programs beamed all around the world.

Both this year and last, the U. S. Junior Chamber of Commerce recognized Eddie's work by making him a "Kid of the Week" on the Kids and Company TV program.

His unselfishness and loyalty have won Eddie, who plans to be an eye surgeon when he grows up, the love of every hospitalized GI in the country. "As long as America has young people of his caliber," General "Jimmy" Doolittle said recently, "our nation is safe."

Kate Smith stars on the NBC-TV network, Monday through Friday. With the singer on her program is producer-host Ted Collins.

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Shopping for Tomorrow

by HAL CLANCY

Buyers can find the ultimate in variety and luxury at Framingham, Massachusetts

ONE DAY RECENTLY, a car stopped before a glittering structure of glass, chrome and masonry that rose, unexpectedly as a fairy story castle, in the quiet countryside at Framingham, Massachusetts.

A woman—almost 70 and paralyzed below her waist—was lifted from the car to a waiting wheel chair. Then the car drove off and left her to do the shopping for a family of seven, all by herself.

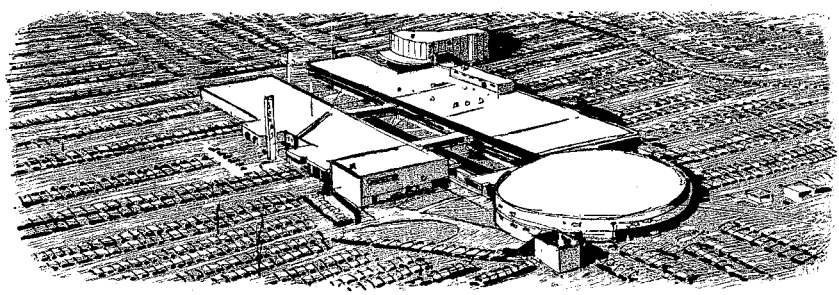
Difficult? Not at all. By the time the car returned, she had visited 18 stores, enjoyed lunch, watched part of a motion picture, had afternoon tea and a nap in a sunny park. The shopping was done, too; bundles wrapped, checked and waiting to be picked up.

The scene was Shoppers' World, a fabulously successful project where providing wheelchairs is only one of countless features that add up to a preview of the streamlined store of tomorrow.

Shoppers' World is the largest regional suburban shopping center in the East, a huge, U-shaped building containing 45 stores, a theater, a bank and even a radio studio to broadcast special events. In it, you can buy an ice cream cone or a mink coat. You can get a permanent wave, have your car greased, or hire an interior decorator. And, after you have gone through your shopping list from food through furs to furniture (and probably visited one of the nation's first self-service drugstores), you have your choice of a cocktail, a sandwich at a snack bar or a full-course dinner at a restaurant geared to serve 500 persons an hour.

Because women enjoy window-shopping, the stores have virtually all-glass fronts—360,000 square feet of them. The result is an impression of wide-openness that sometimes fools people. The most spectacular instance occurred one day when a husband and wife were arguing over which store they would visit next.

"You go to whichever one you want to," the man said finally. "I



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intend to go into *this* store and look around a while."

With that, he turned on his heel —and walked through the window. Fortunately he was not hurt, physically anyway.

However, it is not the bigness, the variety nor even the acres of glass that makes Shoppers' World so fascinating. It is the radical idea behind the project that has attracted visitors from Canada, South America, Europe and Asia, and every state in the Union.

At first glance, it is a bewildering idea. Select a site (here a 56-year-old tree nursery about 20 miles out of the city of Boston) completely surrounded by small towns, none of which could possibly support a department store. Then build a center costing more than $8,000,000 and designed exclusively for auto-age shopping.

When the idea was first proposed by Yankee financier Huston Rawls, head of Suburban Centers Trust, it sounded like a scheme to replace the Hoboken ferry with the *Queen Mary*—spectacular, but too roomy for the available traffic.

Rawls argued, however, that families were moving out of cities into towns and villages. Given the opportunity, he insisted, they would eagerly choose to do their shopping in the suburbs, too, rather than contend with the city's crush and parking problems.

He pointed out the suburban Framingham-Natick area on a map. "That area couldn't support a single large store, much less a shopping center," he admitted. "But draw a 40-mile circle around it and you have 4,500,000 people in prosperous communities. Those are our customers, for this is the age of the automobile."

Enthusiasm for Shoppers' World grew steadily. It was agreed that the structure itself would sprawl over about 20 acres, with parking space for 6,000 cars. Applicants for store space were carefully screened to avoid duplication and to provide the broadest possible price range.

OPENING DAY in October, 1951, removed any doubts about the appeal of what some had called "Rawls' castle in a cow pasture." Visitors came by the tens of thousands in cars, in buses and by hitchhiking along six-lane Route 9, which runs past the front of the development. They exclaimed over the Jordan Marsh department store and its "floating dome" roof, largest of its kind in the world. They guessed at the height of the chimney on Sears Roebuck (100 feet).

It was no accident that Shoppers' World was a success from the start: most shoppers are women and the development was planned—down to the precise leverage required to open any one of its 400 doors—from the feminine point of view.

For instance, the problem of getting baby sitters, and fatigue from climbing stairs, are two of the usual reasons given by women for either postponing shopping trips or cutting them short. Not at Shoppers' World, however, with its playland merry-go-round and other playground equipment; with its upper and lower promenades connected by gently sloping ramps. These eliminate stair-climbing and allow a mother to take her child with her in carriage or stroller if he is too small to roam alone about the play-

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land. And all the stores are connected to a loud-speaker system to locate lost children, or adults.

One mild-appearing man reported he had misplaced his wife, and she was paged. As her name was being called for the third time, she stormed into the office and clubbed her husband with her umbrella. "That'll teach you to shout my name all over Peck & Peck!" she cried.

Be it recorded, however, that Shoppers' World was equal to the occasion. The man was whisked to the First Aid Department where his bruise was promptly treated.

BEARING in mind that a woman's sensitivity to her surroundings has a direct bearing on the tightness of her purse strings, Shoppers' World designers built the development around an elaborately landscaped park the length of two football fields, provided benches and lounges liberally, and even erected tall fences of rustic wood to screen trucks being loaded or unloaded.

The promenades are roofed against the elements and the direct rays of the sun. The park side of the walkways is open in summer and completely glassed-in during the cold months. They provide the only suburban shopping area in the East where a woman can window-shop 45 stores in comfort in a driving rain.

The heavy accent is on courtesy and personal attention, from opening doors to carrying bundles. Directions are always available from the uniformed Shoppers' World police, a snappy crew inspected regularly by an ex-Marine who considers a crooked tie a personal affront.

One day an elderly woman turned herself in as lost. She had gone for a walk, forgotten where the car was parked, and her family had driven off and left her. Shoppers' World officials soon provided a car and chauffeur and drove the woman home—all the way to Barre, Vermont.

Where personnel is concerned, the development is a proven success in a remarkable human experiment. The stores hired as much help as possible from the surrounding towns, especially married women and middle-aged matrons. For some of them it was a first job and a wonderful opportunity coming at a time when, because of age or family responsibilities, they were finding employment doors closed.

As a result, the morale is high. While the average in-town shop girl leaves her job behind mentally as well as physically at closing time, many of these women take it home with them and keep their neighbors and friends informed of sales, specials and good buys.

With a bank on the premises, with stores doing a heavy cash business and with millions of dollars' worth of merchandise on display, Shoppers' World needs its own police force. It has a remarkably efficient one, composed of members of the Framingham and Natick forces hired on detached service.

All these features—from the glittering glass façades to the unobtrusive efficiency of its security force—have been indispensable factors in making Shoppers' World a dazzling financial success and, without ques-

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tion, the outstanding retailing accomplishment of the past year.

Now it is obvious to everyone why Rawls wanted this location so much he was willing to blast through 20,000 cubic yards of ledge and move some 200,000 cubic yards of earth when actual construction began in April, 1950. For six major traffic arteries have brought him more than 6,000,000 customers!

What is more, Massachusetts announced in February, 1953, that the giant cross-state toll road scheduled for completion in 1954-5 will probably swing north to pass close to Shoppers' World, and a traffic interchange will be built there.

Meanwhile, planes, trains and more automobiles bring a steady stream of retailers from all over the world to inspect this suburban miracle, to tour its modern steel, concrete and asbestos buildings, and to marvel at the way every inch of the 400,845 square feet of floor space is used for scientific selling. The study is a glimpse of the sales techniques of tomorrow.

For example, Shoppers' World research indicates that old-fashioned shopping hours are on the way out. It is not enough merely to follow the customer out to the suburbs; stores will also have to adjust themselves to the customer's timetable. That means more and more night hours.

Shoppers' World is open three days a week for the usual 9 to 5 hours, and three days from noon to 9 P.M. And with good reason. Test runs reveal that an average of 11,981 cars visit Shoppers' World on a 9-to-5 day; but when the stores close in the morning hours and stay open at night, the count shoots up to 29,138.

Rawls looks forward to the day when suburban shopping centers on the scale of Shoppers' World will be common throughout the country. He thinks it is inevitable, and is already planning to build another on Massachusetts' fashionable North Shore.

But the fact that pleases Rawls most is this: Shoppers' World—doomed to quick and calamitous failure by many—was not in existence a year when the state Public Works Department was feverishly widening roads to carry the one-stop shopping traffic.

No Rembrandt!

HAD MORE OF America's industrial giants been of the Charlie Schwab type, business and industry would never have been vulnerable to such political attack and misrepresentation as they have suffered for two decades.

Formerly a dollar-a-day steel mill worker himself, Schwab reveled in knowing intimately thousands of his men. More unusual still, they regarded him not as a boss, but as one of themselves.

Arriving at a mill one morning, he hailed a sturdy workman, who was standing stripped to the waist, statuesquely silhouetted against the sky, "John, you look like a Rembrandt."

To which came the instant response, "Hell, you don't look so hot yourself this morning, Charlie!"

—B. C. FORBES, *101 Unusual Experiences* (B. C. Forbes & Sons)

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BACK IN THE HILLS of West Virginia, my Uncle Parker doesn't have a regular telephone, but he invented a homemade one. He took a coffee can, fastened a wire to the center of it, and stretched the wire down over the hill about 200 yards to his still.

On the other end, he fastened another coffee can. Then, when Uncle Parker was at the still and wanted anything, he would just stretch the wire taut and talk into the coffee can, without raising his voice. Aunt Margaret, at the other end, would talk into her coffee can.

It worked fine. Except for one detail: they weren't able to hear each other. —ROGER PRICE

A CITY SLICKER, passing through the mountains, decided he'd like some of the moonshine he'd heard so much about. He finally located a native known to mix an occasional batch.

"Got two kinds," the moonshiner said. "Which one you want?"

"Two kinds?" the man asked. "What do you mean?"

"Well," drawled the native softly, "it's all accordin' to what yew want it fer—courtin' or fightin'!"

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*

A BOY FROM THE hill country was sitting in a slit trench in the front lines with a buddy. When the buddy asked how the country boy had come to join the Service, his reply was, "Well, a man come down home and told us we were wanted to work for the government. They loaded us on the steam-cars and took us to a city, then toted us on some electric cars down to a place near the water. Then a man come up and told us to come into the warehouse to sign up. Well, we went through this long warehouse and then across a narrow little plank. And then this man led us through a little iron door. And then when we was all inside, the man slammed the door—*an' the warehouse sailed away!*"

—DAN BENNETT (*American Legion Magazine*)

A FRIEND OF MINE who resides on a large plantation in South Georgia began missing firewood, and was grieved to learn that the culprit was an old retainer who had been in the family for 70 years.

After this had gone on for some months, he called the pilferer to his office. After stating how disappointed he was that such a thing would happen on the plantation where they both had been born and brought up, he concluded with the admonition that if the stealing didn't cease at once, one of them would have to go.

With this the old man stared straight into his master's eyes, said, "Why, Mister John, where on earth would you go?" —CHARLES T. MCCOY

A RIDGE-RUNNER in the hills of Tennessee had a pretty good year with his pigs, and decided to spend a little of his profit by going to Memphis. When he got back home and took his shoes off, some kinfolk asked him how he liked Memphis.

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Exposure

"To tell you the truth," he confessed, "there was so much agoin' on down there at the depot, I never went up to the town." —*Typo-Graphic*

THE UNITED DAUGHTERS of the Confederacy were holding their annual meeting at one of the swank hotels in Asheville, N. C. Great excitement prevailed the night of the big banquet. The halls were buzzing with bejeweled matrons.

A newly arrived salesman, amazed by the spectacle, asked his bellboy, "Who in the world are all these women?"

"Well, sir," replied the boy, "I think they are the Wac's of the Civil War." —MRS. JANIE F. GOSNEY

THE OLD MOUNTAINEER and his wife arrived at a railway station, and for the first time in their lives beheld a train of cars. The husband looked the engine over very carefully and shook his head.

"Well, what do you think of it, pa?" asked the old lady.

"She'll never start," was the firm reply. "She'll never start."

The conductor waved, the bell rang, the locomotive puffed, the train moved slowly at first, then faster. It was disappearing in the distance when the wife asked: "Well, Pa, what do you think of it now?"

The old man shook his head more violently. "She'll never stop," he asserted. "She'll never stop!"

—*Good Humor Book*, edited by ROBERT RANGO (Harvest House)

A PRETTY YOUNG Southern matron, walking through a sparsely settled district toward the bus line one morning, realized she was being followed. Not wishing to turn, she increased her pace. The footsteps accelerated, too. Reaching a populated area, she slowed down. The unknown did likewise.

At the bus stop she turned to face the offender. To her amazement, it was the courtly old gentleman from next door.

"Why, Colonel Ashby," she exclaimed, "you frightened me. Why didn't you catch up with me?"

The Colonel doffed his hat and bowed. "Well, ma'am, I was kinda havin' a debate with mahself as to whether to catch up with you and enjoy the conversation, or stay behind and enjoy the view."—*Negro Digest*

MY WIFE AND I WERE driving a side road, searching for the brightly colored quilts that many of the mountain people put on their clotheslines for sale. Our luck wasn't very good.

Finally we came to a weathered little house where a bewhiskered old fellow was lounging lazily on the steps. I walked up the path and asked him, "Can you tell me where we might find some good patchwork quilts for sale?"

He eyed me narrowly for a moment, then drawled, "You note that I'm wearin' britches?"

"Yes," I said wonderingly.

"You see my whiskers?"

"Yes, I see them."

"Well, then," he said impatiently, "don't ask me no womenfolks' questions." —JACK KYLE (*Quote*)

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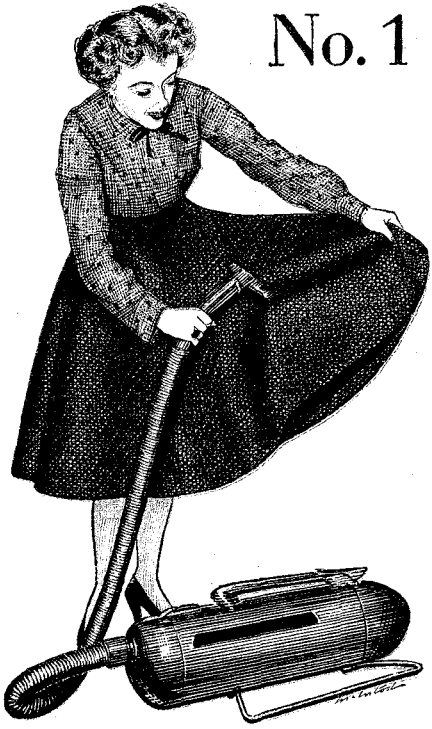
BETTY FURNESS: No. 1 Saleswoman



by HERBERT DALMAS

Her never-turn-down-any-job theory made her the star of TV commercials

ONE MONDAY EVENING last fall, CBS's TV show Studio One reached its second-act curtain and the camera faded in on a bedraggled housewife, slaving hopelessly at a living-room carpet with an outmoded vacuum cleaner.

After the audience had been given time to grasp this depressing sight, a cheerful voice remarked, "Too bad she hasn't one of the new Westinghouse tank cleaners—"

The camera cut to the owner of the cheerful voice, a housewife with blonde curls, looking anything but bedraggled in a simple black dress of extreme smartness. The 19,000,000 or so people watching the program knew her name was Betty Furness—she was as familiar to them as the movie star who happened to be playing the lead in that week's Studio One drama.

Miss Furness went on talking about the tank cleaner, describing its virtues in an easygoing, confident manner, illustrating the various jobs it would do. "And when you have finished," she said finally, stooping to demonstrate, "you take out the hose—"

She stopped short. The hose refused to come out of the tank.

"When you have finished your cleaning," she repeated, "just take out the hose—"

She set her teeth and tugged. She shook, wrenched, twisted, yanked; but the hose might have been welded in place.

Miss Furness finally gave up. As she straightened, panting, her expression suggested that as soon as she was off the air she was going to kick the cleaner into the next county. "You take it out," she said ominously, "if you can get it out!"

Afterward, she said: "That would have been the moment to come up

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with just the right remark that would have made me immortal. But all I could think of was that I wanted to break somebody's neck."

As it happened, similar desires were burgeoning in the hearts of a couple of dozen Westinghouse and advertising agency executives sitting at their TV sets in New York and Pittsburgh. Soon, phone wires began to bubble.

Next day, Westinghouse and agency men were as quiet as bombed-out cities. Heads were going to fall as soon as responsibility for the disaster was fixed. Then on Wednesday, the letters began to come in—most of them addressed to Betty Furness.

"I wasn't planning to buy a new cleaner yet," one woman wrote, "but after seeing you last night, I went out and bought one today anyhow. I know you wouldn't recommend anything that wasn't really good."

Another said: "Please tell Westinghouse that I am buying a new vacuum cleaner. What happened could have happened to anybody, and I don't want you to lose your job on account of it."

During the next week, Westinghouse cleaner sales remained steady, and executives lapsed into happy shock. Actually, they shouldn't have been surprised.

There was the time in Dallas, for instance, when dealers sold out an entire carload of refrigerators at $400 apiece within two days of Miss Furness's demonstration of one on the air. Slightly more spectacular was the case of the floor fans.

This article, hardly an impulse item at the retail price of $69.50, had never been advertised in Chicago. Then Betty Furness closed a Studio One program with a talk on floor fans, and in four days, Chicago dealers sold $70,000 worth.

The tall, slim, blue-eyed widow who has been called the best salesman in America, became a household word during the Republican and Democratic conventions of 1952 when she made 160 TV appearances. The weather at the time was reminiscent of a blast furnace, and no stimulus was needed for the sale of electric fans. So she concentrated on other appliances.

Before the end of the Democratic gathering, plaintive cries rose from dealers all over the country. Their stocks were cleaned out. To keep her public from being frustrated, Miss Furness was finally reduced to demonstrating light bulbs.

"I can't tell you why it happened," she says now. "Sometimes I think I'm dreaming. I just hope I cash in before I wake up—or before everybody else does."

This hope seems in a fair way to being realized. This year, her income from her eight-minute Studio One commercials, from a weekly 15-minute show called "Meet Betty Furness", and a new series of commercials and between-halves shows on telecasts of professional football games, also sponsored by Westinghouse, and from personal appearances will be about $75,000.

Five years ago, she applied for a job on a TV show called Hollywood Screen Test. The producer, Lester Lewis, said he had no place for her. If he thought that ended the matter, he soon found that he was mistaken.

"I finally hired her to get her out of my hair," he says now. "But I

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made one more try to discourage her. I offered her the smallest part I had for $25—take it or leave it." Miss Furness took it, and in time became one of his clients when Lewis started to manage actors.

THE BETTY FURNESS STORY is not a Cinderella yarn. Like most success stories, its elements are talent, hard work, an accurate sense of values—and luck. But luck here doesn't mean mere chance.

In the fall of 1948, Miss Furness left Hollywood and went to New York to get in on the TV gold rush. "I decided," she says, "that if they didn't hire me, it wouldn't be because they didn't know I was here. I wrote a letter to every producer in New York; then I made the rounds in person. I took any part they offered me—on the theory that it might lead to something better."

That is a theory that reduces chance to a minimum. She took a part in a Studio One show that many actresses of her experience—she had had supporting roles in 35 moving pictures—would have refused. That night, the girl who was doing the commercial spilled melted chocolate all over while demonstrating a mixer, and went to pieces.

Two weeks later, Miss Furness was on Studio One in another small part. This time, the demonstrator, another non-professional, simply froze when the camera was turned on her. Somebody jumped to another microphone and read the commercial, but it was obvious that this sort of thing couldn't go on. Miss Furness made no secret of how *she* felt about it.

"Why in the name of everything that's reasonable," she said after the show to anybody who cared to listen, "with hundreds of actresses around looking for work, do they get somebody who can't even *talk?*"

She was surprised next day to receive a call from the advertising agency, asking if she would like to do the commercials on the next show. Who made this historic decision is not known now, but she took the job, following her rule never to refuse anything.

She got through the assignment without mishap and did the few remaining shows before the season ended. Assuming that was the end of it, the agency didn't include commercials in her plans for the future.

One day the next fall, however, she received a frantic call from the agency. Where was she? Didn't she know the season was starting next week—she had a commercial to rehearse. This was the first she had heard about it, but she was happy. After several weeks, Westinghouse offered her a contract.

"Right there," she says, "I made myself a reputation as a terrific business woman. I refused. It was for five years, and if I'd taken it, I'd be making now just one third of what I *am* making. It was the smartest thing I ever did. The only thing was I didn't know I was being smart. I just wasn't sure I liked doing commercials that much."

Betty Furness's parents were from New Hampshire, but they moved to New York before she was born. George Furness, who was an engineer with the Eveready Company, used to give a weekly 15-minute talk about flashlights on radio—one of the first full-scale commercials.

The summer Betty was 15, she announced that she didn't want to

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go to camp. Her father, with the New Englander's abhorrence of idleness, decreed that she could study interior decorating—her mother was a professional decorator—or clothes designing, or do the housework. She chose the housework, and it took her two days to conclude that this was not meant to be her life's calling.

"I was looking for something a little more glamorous," she explains. "I decided I'd be a Powers model. I didn't exactly burst on John Powers like a blinding light, but the sound of my voice—it was a deep sort of bark—coming from a 15-year-old girl seemed to fascinate him."

This was in 1931, when sound was still fairly new in motion pictures, and Powers thought his young client ought to have a future in Hollywood. He tried to get her a screen test, but by the time he succeeded the summer was over and, after a modeling career something less than meteoric, she was back at Miss Bennett's Finishing School for Young Ladies.

Nearly a year after the test, the young ladies at Bennett were thrown into a tizzy by the arrival of Mrs. Furness with the news that RKO wanted her daughter in Hollywood right away. Betty took her last year of high school on the RKO lot at $100 a week.

A year and a half and six pictures later, she moved to M-G-M. The only pictures she remembers with any great pride are "Magnificent Obsession" and an Astaire-Rogers production called "Swing Time." A road company of "Golden Boy" happened through Los Angeles in 1936, and Betty had a chance to join it.

After two or three other stage shows, she met songwriter Johnny Green. They were married in 1937, and she retired. Her daughter, Barbara, was born in 1939. The Greens were divorced amicably in '43, and two years later Betty married Bud Ernst, radio producer who died in 1950.

The question that interests most people is: how can a girl who talks about vacuum cleaners and refrigerators and TV sets inspire a following that produces more than 1,300 fan letters a week?

"The question interests me, too," Miss Furness says. "Maybe it's because I'm not glamorous and don't look like a threat to the men in the family. For some reason or other, women seem to trust me."

The case of the stubborn vacuum cleaner would seem to prove this. But probably the real explanation is that she is actually a working housewife herself.

She and daughter Babbie live in a modest apartment on 86th Street in New York and even when she is busiest—at one time in 1951 she was doing five shows a week—she manages the house herself.

Until a couple of years ago, when TV began to fill her life, she made all her own clothes. Just sitting still is hard on a disposition that can be briefly explosive on occasion. Her hobbies are knitting, needle-point and photography.

Babbie—whom Miss Furness describes as "14 going on 45"—is enormously unimpressed by her

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mother's fame. Her attitude is that it is no trick to perform in front of a TV camera. She proved her point by appearing as guest on "Meet Betty Furness" during last Easter vacation and scoring a hit.

A great many women write in to say that they watch Studio One primarily to see what Miss Furness is wearing. She is invariably wearing something smart, and apparently within reach of a modest budget.

Shopping for her wardrobe obviously takes time; she sets aside a part of Tuesday every two or three weeks for it. Tuesdays and Wednesdays are the only days not devoted directly to her programs or the details of house managing.

She acts as commentator on fashion shows for charity and makes short films for things like the Community Chest, the Heart Association or the March of Dimes. For a while, her Tuesdays were further crowded by the one outside show permitted under her Westinghouse contract. This was "Front Row Center," a panel show about the theater, which she moderated.

The rest of her weekly routine is a busy one, and on Saturday and Sunday, she works on her house books and answers fan mail.

One of Betty's most engaging characteristics is her feeling for Westinghouse. She likes the company and its people, and the affection they feel for her extends beyond the executive level.

In the spring and summer of 1953, the company staged a $500,000 sales-stimulating program for dealers. The 450 winners of a contest to see who could sell the most TV sets, were brought to New York prior to a 12-day jaunt to Paris, the Riviera and Rome, all expenses paid. They refused to consider any New York get-together that didn't include Betty Furness.

So she joined them and immediately a clamor arose for Betty to make a speech. But they didn't particularly want to hear her—they wanted to get her on her feet so they could set up a vociferous demand that she go along with them.

"No—" she said, when they finally quieted down. "You kids run along and have a good time. I'll stay here and mind the store."

Above Paar

IT'S EASY TO MAKE one of those French bathing suits—just take two handkerchiefs and throw one away.

I LIKE PUPPETS best on television, like Kukla, Ollie, Howdy-Doody and the Russian delegates.

ALL THIS TALK about the high cost of living is just propaganda put out by people who eat.

YOU MAY SAY what you want about radio, but certainly it is one entertainment medium where they're not showing old movies.

I KNOW A PSYCHIATRIST who is so strict that if you come in late, he makes you stand. —JACK PAAR

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What's Happened to CANADA?

by ROY RICHARDS

Our wealthy neighbor to the North is finally catching up with destiny

NORTH of the border, an amazing and dramatic thing is happening—namely, the rebirth of a great nation that for too long has slumbered in the shadow of the U. S. A. and Great Britain.

I became aware of it when the clerk at the hotel newsstand accepted my dollar bill and demanded an extra five cents. That was in a week when the Canadian dollar bought $1.03½ American at the banks, though individuals making change ignored the fractions and took a nickel straight. The clerk smiled as she accepted the nickel—a peculiar smile, like triumph tried on for size.

I got to know that smile well as I traveled across Canada. With it invariably came the question: "How do you Americans like having the cheaper dollar?"

You couldn't blame them. As long as any of us can remember, the Canadian merchant has been on the short end of such currency transactions. Two years ago, his broad green dollar bought 90 cents worth of ours, and American visitors had a snide way of demanding "real money" for their small change. Across the border in the States, you felt like a petty thief when you attempted to pass a Canadian dime.

The shoe at last has moved to the other foot and our country cousin has started to lose his inferiority complex. Sound currency does that to you. In world councils, Canada has not yet begun to throw her full weight around, but her voice seems to have grown amazingly firm.

The prestige of the Canadian dollar in the world's hard money markets is no freak or accident. It is a visible, tangible result of what has been happening in the last dozen years north of our 4,000 miles of undefended frontier.

The vast, lonely land which shares the North American Continent with us—third largest country in the world—is stirring at last, like a great bear ending its hibernation. It is moving in all directions, tapping its wealth of essential oil and precious metals, harnessing the tremendous power of its rivers and lakes, making goods, selling these goods throughout the world.

From the Great Lakes to the Arctic Circle there is the heady excitement of destiny finally catching up. The plane motor, the pneumatic drill, the carpenter's hammer are beating out the rhythm of Canada's new national anthem. Few events in the 20th century have

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been more dramatic or portentous.

Something like it happened in the U. S. when the last frontiers were opened, but that took a whole century. This is moving faster and with less pain, since it is no hit-or-miss stumbling toward fortune, nor even a by-product of production for national defense. Rather, it is a planned operation, unique in history, performed by a government acting jointly with business, to develop the country's natural resources and industrial power.

Billions of American dollars are tied up in it, and American hopes. That, too, is unique. We are helping a possible competitor to grow strong and great. And we are not afraid, for Canada's future is also ours. Upon her strength and stability we may need to rely in our grave struggle with communism.

THE PRESENT BOON is reaching every income level. Fortunes are being made not only in minerals and oil, but by people who merely have goods and services to sell.

"Have you heard of Bonnyville?" I asked a Montreal clothing manufacturer. I was referring to one of the overnight oil-boom towns in Alberta, a couple of thousand miles across the continent.

"Of course," he replied. "We sold ten dozen women's skirts there last week."

"I've been in the mattress business for 30 years," another businessman said. "But I'm taking my big gamble now, building a large new factory."

Sears-Simpson is spreading a department store chain continent-wide, since thrifty Canadians at last have money to spend. They are buying more meat, cheese, coffee, ice cream than ever before; equipping their homes with mechanical refrigerators, washing machines, television sets. And Toronto is completing a subway.

An entire nation is dazzled and proud, and more than a little surprised at itself. It has waited long for this day.

There are reasons for this waiting. I learned one of them on a Trans-Canada plane going West. The businessman seated next to me was bound for Vancouver, on the Pacific Coast. Against the roar of the motors we discussed what was going on in the land—the opening of rich iron deposits on the Quebec-Labrador border, the uranium prospecting in Northern Saskatchewan and Alberta, the oil flooding the prairie provinces, the plans to start the St. Lawrence Seaway, the huge new factories.

"Why did you wait so long for all this to happen?" I asked.

"Perhaps we just liked things as they were," he shrugged. "We are cautious. Canada was settled by conservative people, you know. They developed a pattern of life, comfortable, pleasant, unadventurous. We've had little of the creative discontent which pushed you ahead in the States. We liked our traditions, our ways."

He smiled. "The sons and grandsons of our pioneers didn't look North. They looked South. They emigrated to the States. Or they worked at desk jobs, when they could, for American firms. The blood of the pioneers thinned out."

"And where will you get your pioneers now?" I inquired.

He smiled again. "You'll send

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them to us most probably," he said.

He may be right. "If I were a young man," Bernard Baruch said recently, "I'd go to Canada." Young men are listening to him.

Within the last one hundred years, Canada took in 7,200,000 immigrants, but 3,000,000 persons left to enter the U. S. Some of the Dominion's most gifted young people went, seeking the greener pastures across the border.

But within the last year, the trend has reversed. 5,000 former Canadians last year decided things were really better at home and the time had come to go back. These former residents together with the number of Americans emigrating to Canada at last equalled the number of Canadians coming here.

Yet the population of this half-continent was still a mere 14,000,000 and the Dominion still was debating whether to open its doors. In the middle of last year, with the boom at its peak, a country-wide Gallup poll revealed that only the prairie provinces wanted more immigrants. The land of settled habits had still not accepted its destiny.

But at Saskatoon, in the heart of the prairies directly north of Montana and North Dakota, an engineer gave me a different answer.

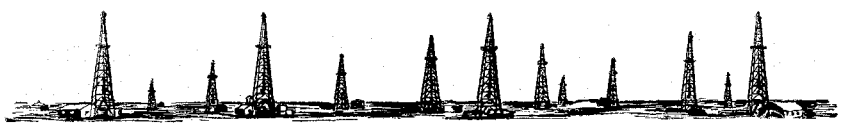
"Why did we wait so long?" he echoed my question. "We had to. Geography. We couldn't get to the places where our wealth was. Canada's big, you know—it's even bigger than the United States. The plane made it possible to cover all this area. Without it, we couldn't have licked our terrain.

"See here"—he pointed to a map—"we're building a railroad up to Ungava. Planes carry in bulldozers and cement. They leap-frog from airstrip to airstrip along the line of the road. They bring the uranium miners fresh meat, fresh vegetables, fruit, milk; and they bring the ore out. And the helicopter. It gets into the mountain passes, drops the workmen supplies. There's no longer a spot we can't reach."

His eyes sparkled. "We're a careful people, slow-moving and slow-reacting. But we're beginning at last to comprehend what this means. We're making history. Our sons should have a wonderful future in this land."

EVERYWHERE, the land is burgeoning with activity and opportunity. At the head of the Douglas Channel, one of the inlets of the British Columbia coastline, the Aluminum Company of Canada is building what may become the world's largest aluminum plant. To achieve this, 2,000 men are tunneling a mountain at Kemano to create a cavern to house a dynamo; they are changing the course of a river and chain of lakes with a 300-foot dam to tap the water through the mountain to form a manmade waterfall 16 times the height of Niagara.

On the Quebec-Labrador border, close to iron mines believed to be richer than Michigan's Mesabi



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range, there may be, by the end of next year, a city of considerable size. In Northern Saskatchewan and Alberta, uranium is king.

Oil spurts from the rich earth of Alberta. A pipeline is being drawn from there through the Rockies to our Pacific Coast. It moves fast and fantastically.

Everything is fantastic. Take Edmonton in the foothills of the Rockies, for example.

"How big is your city?" an Edmontonian was asked.

Unblushingly, he answered, "As big as Chicago. But most of it's just being built." While you watch.

I flew westward over desolate prairie to Edmonton; and I saw first, in the dark, the flares of burning oil waste on the hill slopes and then the neon of a sprawling city.

I came down at a commercial airport ringed by airforce barracks, a fueling stop now on the sky route to Thule, our new air base at the top of the world. The silver planes—landing, taking off, droning overhead—carried not only uranium ore from the Great Slave Lakes deposits and men bent on making a fast million bucks. They carried, too, the weight of our security, for this is our frontier also. It guards the Western Hemisphere.

Fifty years ago, Edmonton was a picturesque fur-trading post, population 2,000 including Indians. Today it cannot pause to count numbers. There may be a quarter million, there may be more.

Silver oil pumps cluster like giant shocks of wheat on its outskirts; the steel framework of a $54,000,000 chemical plant is rising upon its plains. The Hudson's Bay Trading Company is a great department store, glittering with glass and chrome. Around it, on Jasper Avenue, are fashionable apparel shops

The Macdonald, a Canadian National Railways hotel, a baronial castle with terraces sloping to the banks of the North Saskatchewan, has finished a 16-story addition to double its capacity. All of last summer, a Quonset hut crouched alongside this rising skyscraper. It was the temporary headquarters of the Imperial Bank of Canada.

Building contractor, carpenter, electrician and plumber have on their hands over four billion dollars' worth of new commercial and private construction and repairs and maintenance, contracted for last year. New housing developments circle the city, their ranch-type homes resembling those seen in American suburbs.

YET IN SPITE OF its share in the spectacular present and future, this is no wild wide-open town. The Macdonald has neither bar nor cocktail lounge. For it is the law in this staid city that no female may drink intoxicants in public—a man and his wife may not even sit together for a beer. On the Sabbath, no newspaper is published and there is nowhere to go except church.

That is how Canadians want it to be. The greatest of their present dreads is that the new prosperity may wreck the simplicity and dignity of their daily lives. And so, while they planned factories and towns, simultaneously they set about charting the future of the nation's cultural life.

In 1949, a Royal Commission on National Development in the Arts, Letters and Sciences was appointed.

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It was headed by Vincent Massey, then Chancellor of the University of Toronto and now Governor-General.

Aware that increased material well-being would bring increased leisure and an expanded cultural life, the Royal Commission set out to learn what that culture should be. It traveled thousands of miles, spoke with hundreds of people during two years. Its report was a blueprint for Canada's cultural future.

That future, the Massey report decided emphatically, must be not imitation-American but Canadian. It declared that radio and television —the mass media which reach everywhere—must remain state-controlled to forestall commercialized vulgarity. It urged material encouragement by giving prizes and subsidies to writers, artists, institutions of research and learning. It gave assurance that wherever the future led, this nation would uphold its standards and integrity.

That all this has happened and is happening just a few flying hours away, most Americans are still unaware. We have not yet broken our habit of shrugging off our neighbors to the North. The tourist ventures to the Laurentians, the Gaspé, Banff or Lake Louise, seeking quaintness, scenery, English woolens and chinaware.

Vaguely he knows that Canada's wheatgrowing provinces are the world's breadbasket, its forests the sources of most of our paper pulp, its offshore waters of much of our salmon, mackerel and cod, and that there's gold in those frigid hills. But the people and the country's meaning are strangers to him.

His ignorance runs far, wide and deep. Last year, for instance, Representative Timothy Sheehan of Illinois rose in Congress, blandly to propose that we buy and annex Canada.

A young Canadian repeated that to me, half in humor, half in anger. "We know it's nonsense," he said, "but it makes us uneasy. Isn't it time you learned what we are, and realized what we're going to be?"

Reasonable Request

DR. SMITH had just become especially enthusiastic about the theory of early ambulation and planned to try it out on a male patient who was scheduled to have an appendectomy.

On the way to the operating room he explained to the man that a few hours after the operation he expected him to sit on the side of the bed and dangle his legs, later on in the afternoon he was to get up and stand on his feet beside the bed for a few minutes, and in the evening he was to get out of bed and walk over to a near-by chair and sit for at least five minutes.

The patient listened attentively, though a bit surprised, then asked in a mild tone, "Would you mind if I lie down for the operation?"

—RUTH ALEXANDER

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Picture Story

Class of '33

by LAWRENCE ELLIOTT

ON A WARM JUNE DAY in 1933, the 177th graduating class of the University of Pennsylvania sat in assembly and listened solemnly to the advice, the prophecies and the valedictories. They were a group of young men about to face one of the darkest, most challenging periods in history. This is the story of what happened to them in the 20 turbulent years that followed.

They had entered the University in September, 1929, the last of the boom years, the end of the Roaring Twenties. It was still a time when bears and bulls made overnight fortunes on Wall Street, when only dour pessimists saw an end to the endless spiral of prosperity.

In the four years these men spent in college, the Jazz Age faded and the Jazz Agers grew up. On the campus, security replaced sex as the chief topic of conversation, and the student with the promise of a post-graduation job was more envied than the one with a roadster and a raccoon coat.

For 1933 was the year of the Bank Holiday and Franklin D. Roosevelt. In the Midwest, farmers were dumping milk by the roadside because they couldn't sell it for enough to pay costs. Sirloin steak sold for 25 cents a pound, a year-old Chevrolet for $475, and a three-piece bedroom suite for $29.85.

In Washington, the first 100 days of a new Administration had just ended, and though Roosevelt's bold program for striking back at the Depression heartened some, it had

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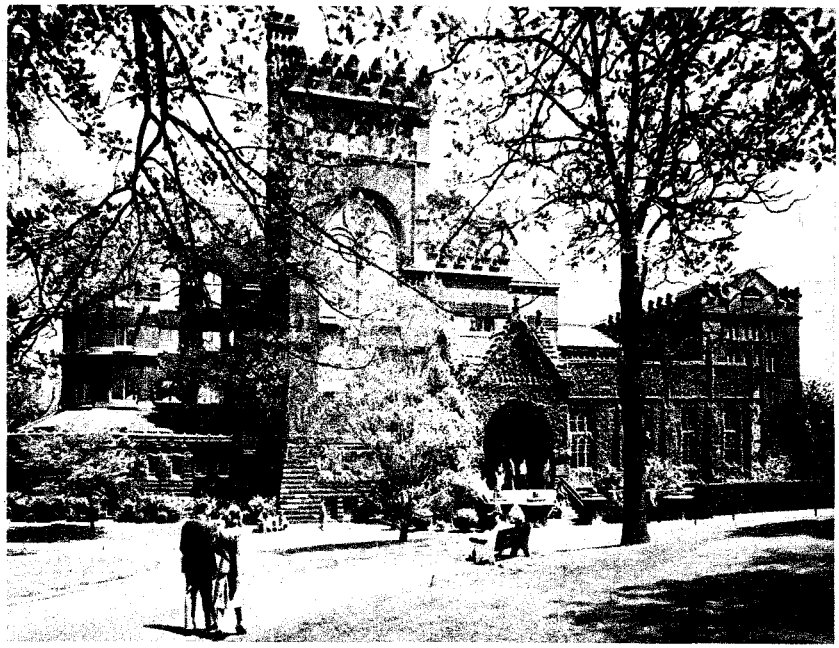

At the end of the gently rolling University of Pennsylvania campus: the library.

not as yet cut deeply into the appalling total of unemployed.

And so the 678 men who set out from the Philadelphia college founded by Ben Franklin had a good deal to think about. One of them has recently said that "we weren't in the world of business during the really bad times, so we had the benefit of ignorance." Yet some premonition of the troubled days ahead must have been with them even as freshmen, for at their very first class meeting, they had chosen as their rallying cry, "Toughest Class, U. of P., Pennsylvania, Thirty-Three." Long after they left their ivy-covered sanctuary and went out to face a world they never made, they found themselves forced to live up to that cry.

They graduated, looked for needle-in-a-haystack jobs and married —all during the worst economic crisis in history. Less than ten years later, having just gained their economic equilibrium, most of them were called to fight in America's second World War.

What breed of men were these back in 1933? Where did they come from and where did they go? What were their hopes, and their fears? What did they do with their private worlds? And what did they contribute to the world around them?

This is what happened to eight of their number. It could have happened to any of the others. As they tell it, largely in their own words, you know you are reading another chapter in the Story of America.

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As a sergeant in the Juvenile Division, Sokolis' primary job is crime prevention.

THEY CALLED HIM "Sock" and, in his senior year, he was captain of the football team. But the Saturday afternoon cheers meant only one thing to Stanley Sokolis: "With my background, I had the conception that even with the bad times I was going places."

His youth had not been easy. "My parents made sacrifices so I could have opportunities they didn't. Even with an athletic scholarship, I could never have gone to the University were it not for their help and the part-time work I got."

But Stanley Sokolis quickly found that it was a lot harder to make a dent in the world of 1933 than it was to punch a hole in the other team's line. "My dream was to be a successful teacher and athletic coach. The Depression years made this dream drop out of my mind."

While he was getting his bearings in those first uncertain months, Stanley played tackle for the Philadelphia Eagles. He got a job as a recreation supervisor and, "to increase my earnings, I wrestled professionally. It wasn't what I had planned for."

He was a lifeguard at a New Jersey beach, still trying to get his bearings, when he met the girl who was to be his wife. "One day, I heard a girl cry for help. I saw that she had been caught in crosscurrents and couldn't make it back to shore. I went to her rescue. Saving this girl led to romance, then marriage."

He was 31. "Wrestling was fine as a means of earning a living, but there is a time in everyone's life

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when he wants to have a family and enjoy the simple things of life."

He took a job with the Juvenile Division of the Philadelphia Police Department. It didn't pay much, but Stanley felt that it was work with purpose. "It was my duty to go to the boys on the street, in homes and schools, and to prevent them from becoming delinquents."

Stanley Sokolis never got rich, but he is comfortable and happy. He lives in a modest house with his wife, his seven-year-old daughter, Eleanor, and his widowed mother. He owns a new Ford, a TV set, a washer and a freezer. Twice a week, a maid comes in to clean.

At 45, he is balding and is 25 pounds heavier than when he was a bulwark of the Pennsylvania line, but he is still rugged and powerfully built. What spare time he can steal from his duties (even in his off-hours, he works with underprivileged boys), he putters around in his two-acre vegetable garden.

His hopes and dreams, like those of most of his classmates, have changed. "Perhaps greater things were expected of me, but my generation had a tough time getting started. I know what it is to be kicked and pushed around, and I am making sure I will be secure and ready for whatever comes."

Sokolis will be due for retirement on half-pay in just seven years, but whether he actually retires is something else. Meanwhile, part of every pay check goes into a savings account. Summing up, he says that "I have no outstanding achievement, other than being one of a small army of men and women who are doing everything they can to readjust unfortunate youngsters."

Off-hours are spent in boys clubs . . .

. . . and with his wife and daughter.

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An energetic businessman, Al likes to settle problems in person or by telephone.

"THE DAY I graduated from Penn, a man approached my father and me and asked us to buy him a meal. He showed us a diploma from Columbia and said that in spite of it he could not obtain a job. We purchased a meal for him and he ate ravenously."

As though activated by this experience, Alfred K. Hagedorn, Class Prophet and editor of the campus humor magazine, set out to achieve tangible evidences of security. He became an officer of two grocery-supply corporations and two real-estate companies which, with stocks and property holdings, boost his annual income well up into five figures today.

He lives in the house where he was born, a rambling white building in West Point, Georgia, hard by the spot where the last battle of the Civil War was fought. The road back home led from Penn to Harvard Law School, a law practice in New Orleans, and four years of Army service. "I decided to forsake the practice of law and return to the community where I was born to enter businesses which my family had established before the turn of the century."

A big, handsome man, Hagedorn is proud of his wife, Dee, and his three children, John, 12, captain of his midget basketball team; Anne, 7, who loves to dance; and Alice, 5, who likes to dance, too. Whenever they can, all the Hagedorns pile into their station wagon

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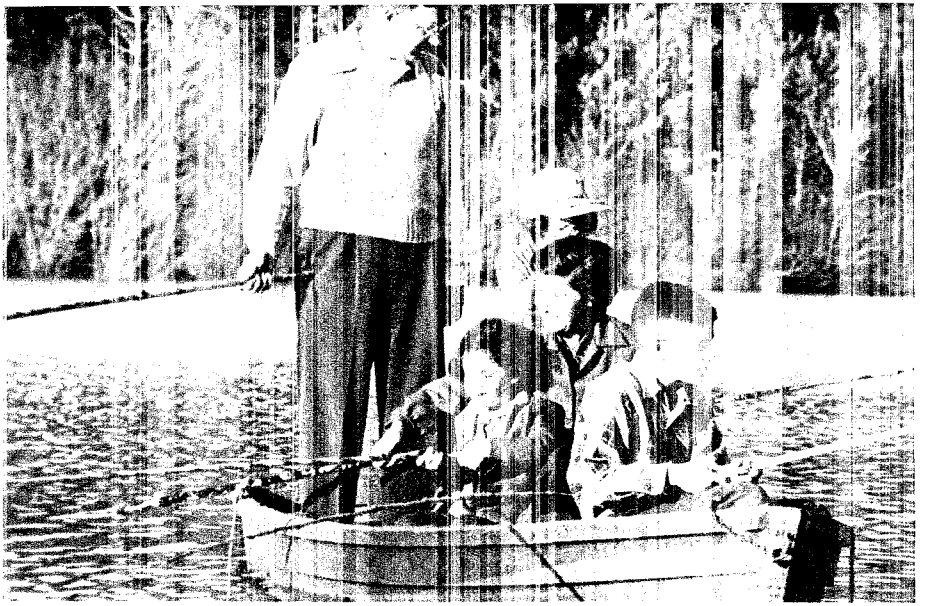

The Hagedorns frequently fish on the 35-acre lake which Al helped his uncle build.

and set off for their 35-acre fishing lake for a family outing.

Al's views, as well as his ambitions, have changed since he graduated. "I have become more conservative." But his concern with his fellow man, taught to him by his father, remains as intense as ever. In Penn, he once turned down the chance for a scholarship because he felt it should go to a more needy student. Today, most of his companies operate on a profit-sharing basis and Al devotes as much energy to his community and civic responsibilities as he does to his business. He has helped give a home to each of his three servants and to send one of their granddaughters through college. "I would like to see my companies do better so that all my employees, as well as myself, can have greater earnings."

He is only average for a weekend golfer.

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Martens started as a salesman-in-training, has been a sales manager 12 years.

GEORGE MARTENS was married 21 days after he was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania, and went to work for the Johns-Manville Company five days after that. "If I have any outstanding achievement, selling my wife, Rusty, and Johns-Manville on going along with me for a lifetime is it. Both have proved tops in their respective fields."

Now, 20 years later, Martens is New England sales manager for Johns-Manville, a happy husband and father and constitutionally incapable of being awed by success. "Depression or no, I have always endeavored to do everything I wanted to do. How else can you progress?"

For George Martens, the question is a natural one. Success was his environment: his father, an executive with the Otis Elevator Company, used to tell him about the opportunities for "anyone with something on the ball and a willingness to work." Perhaps it was his father, too, who taught George the direct-approach method. Smitten by a girl he had barely glimpsed at a movie theater, he persuaded a mutual friend to drive 25 miles to her home to introduce them. Her name was Rusty.

George went to a private school and never had to worry about whether he could afford to go to college. "I just assumed all along that I would." He chose Penn because a major-league baseball scout commended their athletic program.

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Young George and his father are close.

The Martens family likes to be together.

At college, he was first baseman and captain of the baseball team and very popular. He was elected president of Kappa Sigma fraternity house and "received my first experience in management, as I was responsible for all activities."

By June, 1933, George, named Spade Man, one of four senior honors, was ready to face the world—buoyant, expectant and brimful of confidence. In the years that followed, he saw nothing to make him change that outlook on life. "As far as I am concerned, the world was wonderful in 1933, despite the Depression, and it is wonderful today, despite the threat of war. It is true that from the viewpoint of a man getting out of college today, the world is uneasier and he is not allowed many of the normal hopes and ambitions of the prewar days. But on the other hand, I think the young men of today are better qualified, better educated and, in many other ways, superior to the average graduate of 1933. They just have to bear down harder."

The Martens now own a fine home in Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts, and all the good things that go with it. George has apparently succeeded in instilling in his two children, George III, 15, and Sandra, 11, some of the same confidence that has carried him so far, for they are warm, open and responsive to the spirit of camaraderie that George and Rusty have brought to their house.

With a satisfying past and a still-promising future, George Martens remains as buoyant and expectant as ever. "I feel that any dreams and ambitions I had at the time of graduation—to raise a family and move ahead in my profession—have been realized. There is, of course, always a normal striving toward better things, but on the whole, I must say that I am well-satisfied."

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Bob Gray (right) chats with Federal Reserve examiner Joseph Case, a 1933 classmate.

PROJECTING 20 years into the future, Class Prophet Al Hagedorn, tongue firmly in cheek, predicted that, perhaps because of his activities as undergraduate manager of football, the Robert L. Gray, Jr., of 1953 would turn out to be president of a huge ticket-scalping syndicate. With due allowance for that unique brand of humor common to undergraduates, the Prophet could hardly have made a more inaccurate prophecy. For Robert L. Gray, Jr., became not a scalper, but a banker, and from the quiet cut of his clothes to the modulated tones of his voice, his complete conservatism is crystal-clear and plain for all to see.

When Bob Gray enrolled for a premedical course in 1929, it was because "my father wanted someone to follow in his footsteps. But I soon decided that medicine was unsuited for me and switched to finance. I still find it useful, satisfying work."

Bob got a lot more out of school than the bare techniques of investment banking, however. "I learned that failure comes from personal limitations." His most useful courses were "the hard ones, the ones I didn't catch on to so easily; they made me think."

With his first job, "I felt like a fellow starting school again, with lots to learn, but happy to be paid for it." Then, two years before cashing in a draft-deferment card for a Naval commission during World War II, Bob made one of the two

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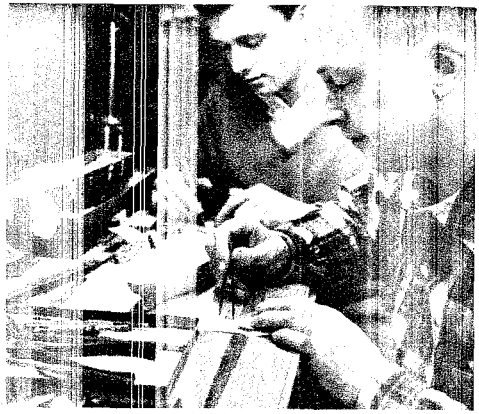
big decisions in his life: he quit that first job and joined the Land Title Bank and Trust Company of Philadelphia. He has since been appointed assistant vice-president.

"My other big decision—really my best—was to persuade my girl that we should make the plunge. It looks like we were right—it's working swell. Mrs. Gray has never been employed, but I'm sometimes staggered by the amount of business she handles as a mother and housewife at salary zero."

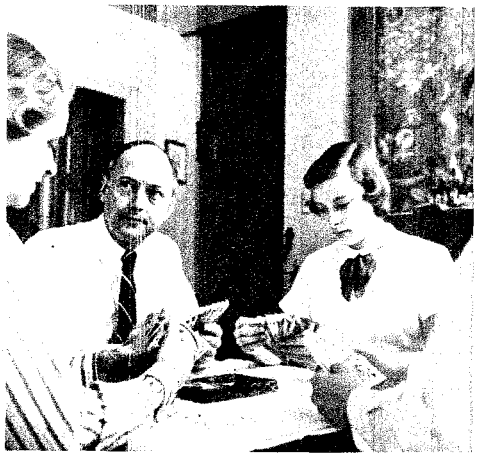
The Grays have a teen-age son and daughter. "Parents have the problem of guidance and steering; formative years are so important. All our long-range hopes are tied to our children: to be grandparents and see everyone working in a useful life is what we aim for."

At 42, Bob Gray would not be hard to recognize from his 20-year-old yearbook photo. He has put on five or ten pounds "in the wrong places," but his face still has the same twinkle of humor. He is now, as he was in 1929-33, active in organizations, serving as the Class of 1933 president, director of the Penn Charter Alumni Society, finance committee chairman of the St. Andrew's Society of Philadelphia, and a member of the Philadelphia Cricket Club.

"People can do more than anybody," Bob Gray said recently, and not jokingly. "A man soon comes to know that momentum won't carry anybody forward for long, that he has to keep trying to manage things better. But the best part of it is that you can't ever realize the end of a useful life."



He relaxes by working with his hands.



The Gray family meets for a card game.

Sometimes he helps with the shopping.

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Bill Carr is now an official of the American Chamber of Commerce in Tokyo.

EVEN BEFORE he was graduated, William A. Carr, who came to Penn from Pine Bluff, Arkansas, was faced with a momentous decision. He had been captain of the track team; he had broken the 400-meter record in the 1932 Olympic games. And now, once and for all, he had to choose between a career in athletics and a career in business. "I had well-learned the difficulty of mixing the two. I chose business."

In September, 1933, Bill got a job with the Insurance Company of North America. He did field work and production, and then, suddenly, he was faced with the second major choice of his lifetime: the company had asked him to go abroad to join their Far East office. "I realized the profound effect this would have on my life, the loss of contact with family and friends."

In the end, "a willingness to try things" that is still part of Bill Carr's makeup prompted him to go. "I believe that the world is to each man what he thinks it is and what he makes it out to be. There have been some misgivings, but on the whole, I do not regret my choice." In Shanghai, Bill met the girl he was to marry. She had been born and educated in China, and Bill believes that "the many adjustments necessary for us both have been easy largely because of her adaptability."

Bill's responsibility increased, as did his income. He became Far Eastern manager of the company, with a range of operations covering

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Japan, the Philippines, Hong Kong, Indo-China and Korea.

Today, the Carrs, who live in Tokyo, have a nine-year-old son and what they call "a small-town life." They travel whenever they can. "My wife's interest in language and culture and my own interest in photography have given us happy hours of exploration." Every Saturday, the Carrs eat Chinese food at a favorite Japanese restaurant. It is a sort of weekly anniversary gift from each to the other, commemorating their meeting and marriage in China.

Not infrequently, Bill Carr looks back and wonders what would have happened if he had chosen other paths. What would he be doing if he had stayed in the U. S., for example? What if he had become a professional athlete? And what would have happened if there had been no war? "It came at perhaps the most important point in the lives of the men of '33. We will always wonder what and where we would be had those five years not been taken out of our lives. I look ahead and try to reconcile my work abroad with our desires for our son's life. We want him to grow up in an American atmosphere. He is fast approaching the age when that is important."

And Bill Carr may well speak for his whole class when he says, "These 20 years have been hard, demanding ones. The willingness to accept our responsibilities in helping to solve problems we had no part in creating have followed us since '33. I hope that we continue to live up to our class yell—"Toughest class, U. of P., Pennsylvania, Thirty-three!"

The Carrs often shop for Japanese curios.

Tea in the afternoon is a daily Carr ritual.

Carr and Alain work on a joint project.

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Ray's amiable good humor makes his job as hotel manager a good deal easier.

MOST OF LIFE'S bounties came late to Ray Brown, and so were doubly sweet on arrival. He didn't meet his wife until 1940 and was 33 when he married her four years later. "None of my senior interviews led to a permanent job. I was a reporter, a sales clerk, a hotel handyman. I had 22 different jobs in four states and half-a-dozen cities. "My generation got its bumps early."

No matter what Ray Brown did, fate, it seemed, kept leading him a circuitous route back to Chautauqua, New York. He got his first job there and, between jobs, kept coming back. It was there that he met Helen Parks and there that the tide started running for him, at last.

"There was a small resort hotel in my wife's family. She was tired of the responsibility and needed help. Right after the honeymoon, I took the reins. It was a steady uphill grind." How well it paid off is indicated in a gross almost double that of 1945 for the now-modernized, 68-room St. Elmo Hotel.

The future looks promising to Ray Brown now, but earlier experiences keep him an "optimistic pessimist." He well remembers the summer of 1931: "My father came home without a job one night and I offered to quit college." He remembers, too, that he got into the hotel business on an upswing. "I keep saving because I have known rainy days in my time and I don't know when the next ones will come."

The Browns live half a year in their own 13-room house near Lake

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He is so busy that "my two-year-old rowboat hasn't even been in the water yet."

Chautauqua and, during the summer months, in the hotel itself. "Living close to so many other people is an odd kind of life, but we enjoy it. Our children, Trudy, 5, and Donnie, 4, are very conscious of people and will seek out anyone, guest or staff, for companionship."

Ray doesn't believe he is at all typical of his class, and "I would not wish to change places with any of them. My life will be a good one."

He is a regular member of the Chautauqua, New York, Volunteer Fire Brigade.

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In the beginning, there is a good deal of after-hours work for Cameron Adams.

CAMERON T. ADAMS was a navy lieutenant (j.g.) riding an APA through the Pacific when he happened to pick up the magazine that changed his life. In a "be-your-own-boss" series, it told of the opportunities in part-time accounting services for small businesses. "That was how my idea was born. I didn't realize how many drawbacks there were."

For one thing, America was in its fourth year of war. For another, Cam had worked for General Electric until he had joined the Navy, and leaving it meant a return to all the uncertainties he had known in college and before.

Cam Adams had worked for two years after he got out of high school, saving nearly every penny he earned, so he could go to college. In October, 1929, the same month the stock market crashed, armed with $2,000 and a $1,600 scholarship, Cam entered the University. "I ushered at athletic events, clerked, graded exam papers, sold hose and drove a truck. I made it."

And, in September, 1933, it seemed that all the work, all the concentration, had been worth-while. "I was one of two men selected for jobs by G.E. The world looked rosy."

In 1940, Cam was transferred to International G.E. in New York. His progress continued steadily upward, but there were doubts. "I seemed to be doing all right at I.G.E., but I wasn't really happy in my work. I wanted to strike out on my own and see what I could do."

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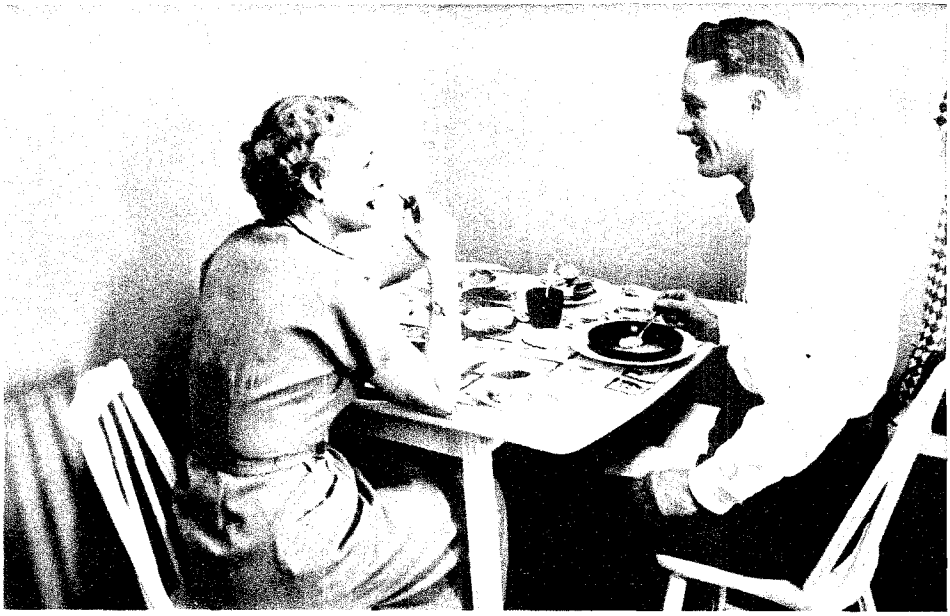

"We could have bought a house, but we didn't want to tie up all that capital."

And so, when he got home in the winter of 1946, Cam Adams discussed his dream with Frances, the girl who had been by his side ever since a blind date 11 years before. The dream captivated her, too.

They planned and saved and, in January, 1953, took an apartment in Hamburg, a town near Buffalo, New York. There Cam opened his accounting service. He was 43.

Like anyone whose way of life has been changed, the Adams sometimes have moments of uncertainty. They have no children and, so far, have made few friends in Hamburg. But Cam remains convinced that he is "steering the right course."

"In what I am doing now, I am rendering a personal service where I can measure the benefits to each one. I can actually see what I am doing and where I am going."

Adams helps his church to take a census.

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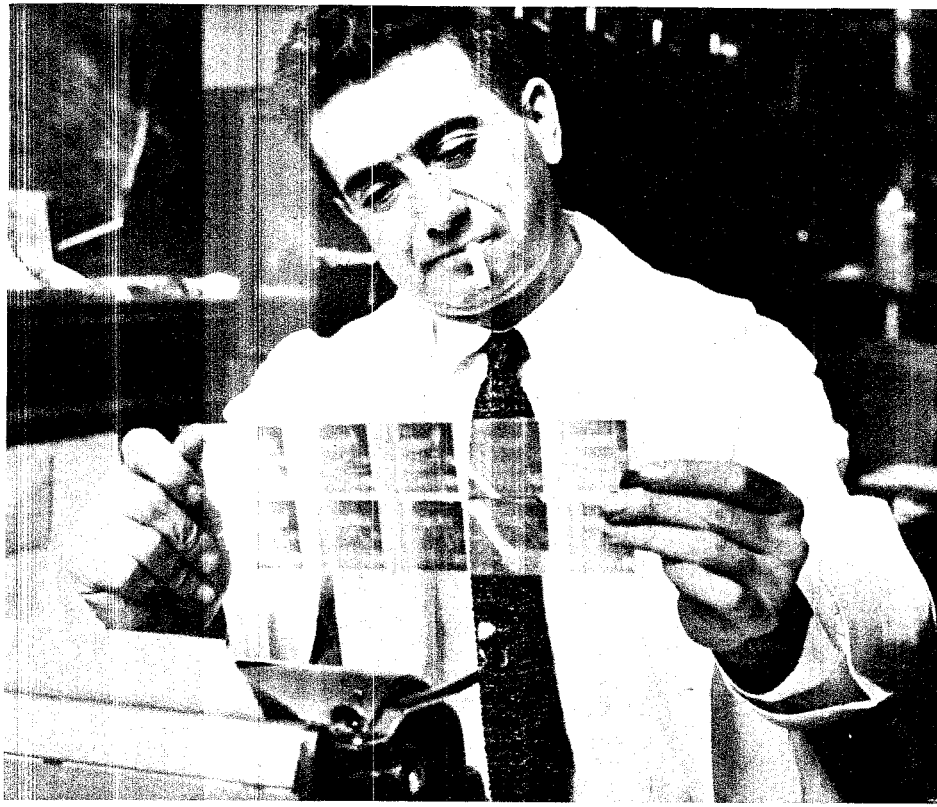

Much of Dan Mazia's research work is supported by the American Cancer Society.

He has a new house in the Berkeley hills.

There are always some students in his lab.

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DANIEL MAZIA, whose name is listed in *Who's Who in America*, has made a significant contribution to the study of the chemistry of cancer: he was the first scientist to succeed in analyzing the chemical structures that make cells divide.

And Dan Mazia, born in Scranton and raised in Philadelphia, knows best how easily it all could never have happened. "I hate to think of the sacrifices my family made to keep me in college. My father was unemployed most of the time."

The year of graduation came, a worrying year. Job, job, job was all anyone talked about — and there were no jobs for a young student of zoology. "My views on life were dominated by the Depression."

Then Dan was offered a fellowship and an appointment as a biology instructor. It was now possible for him to stay on at Penn and study for his doctorate. "By standards of later life, this period seems a hard one, but at the time, everything is so interesting and ambition so strong that you aren't aware of the things others think you are doing without."

In 1938, Dan was appointed assistant professor of biology at the University of Missouri and began his fraternity with the young people about whom he feels so keenly: "The greatest pleasure of my life is working with and helping to train them. I love them dearly."

The war came and Dan went into the Air Corps as an aviation psychologist. Five years after his return, he left Missouri to accept an assignment at the University of California, and there he lives now.

His working hours are divided between teaching graduate students and cancer research. His leisure hours are occupied with his wife, Gertrude, his two daughters, Judith Ann, 9, and Rebecca Ruth, 2, and an amazing range of other interests: art, lectures, walking, canoeing. He reads an average of 100 books a year.

At 41, Dr. Daniel Mazia is a man whose feelings of contribution, present or future, give his life meaning, and he is happy. "I can't know whether my most important achievement lies in the work I have done myself or the even better work I hope my students will do. Either way, it really doesn't matter, does it?"

YOU HAVE JUST READ the story of 20 years in the lives of eight men. For them, as for most Americans, they were the most important years in history. In those two decades, the world changed. New words were used to explain old feelings—"anxiety," "security," "tension"—and, for a time, fear became our most formidable foe. What did it all mean? It meant that millions of Americans, not only the Class of '33, awoke to the hard truth that none of life's good things—neither peace nor prosperity—is guaranteed. It meant that, just as the Class of '33 would never forget the Depression and its grim lessons, so all Americans, now and in the future, would remember that happiness, like freedom, must be earned anew by each generation.

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New Treatments for High Blood Pressure

by JOHN L. SPRINGER

Medicine is making remarkable progress in fighting one of man's oldest enemies

A YEAR AGO, a middle-aged Milwaukee businessman with surging blood pressure was ready to sell his company at a loss and retire. Now he works every day and faces years of useful activity.

A Maine schoolteacher despaired because her blood pressure, defying all treatment, climbed to new peaks. Today it is lower than in years.

Scores of similar "miracles" throughout the country support scientists' growing hopes that we are passing a milestone in medical history. Here is evidence that we can thwart "hypertension," the high blood pressure disease—one of America's most dreaded killers.

The tools in these cases were two new drugs, hexamethonium and Apresoline, which have repeatedly proved in tests that they lower blood pressure more easily and effectively than has ever been thought possible.

Treated with these drugs in clinics in this country and abroad, blood pressure victims who recently faced almost certain death now walk jauntily. No longer helpless in bed, many are again at work.

Consider the importance of this achievement. In greater or lesser degree, perhaps nine million persons suffer from hypertension in the United States. Federal health officials say that it is a major cause of 175,000 deaths a year—almost as many as are claimed by cancer. Its accompanying effects—intense headaches, dizzy spells, shortness of breath—handicap at least another million. Its financial cost—in hospitalization, forced idleness and invalidism—totals billions of dollars a year.

What is blood pressure? Simply a measure of the amount of work that the heart must do. If the smaller branches of the arteries are wide open, the heart pumps blood through them under low pressure. If those vessels constrict, the heart must use greater force.

Let pressure rise too high, and some of the smaller blood vessels will break under the strain. The result may be apoplexy, serious kidney damage, a heart attack, or blindness as the blood supply to the person's eyes stops.

That much, and little more, has long been known to medical men seeking ways to keep blood pressures down. Years ago, they learned to measure systolic pressure in a patient's artery while the heart actual-

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ly is pumping blood, and diastolic pressure while it is resting.

For practical purposes, most doctors agree that all systolic pressures over 145 are abnormal, while the U. S. Armed Forces reject officer candidates under 35 years of age whose blood pressure consistently reaches 140 systolic, and reject those, at any age, with a consistent diastolic pressure over 90.

But what is the starting point in the body that makes blood pressures high? Through the years, medical men have advanced dozens of theories—and discarded most. They know that some hypertension results from diseases of the kidneys. But the commonest form follows no standard pattern. Nine times in ten it is a disease of middle and old age—yet blood pressures of some two-year-olds range up to 195.

How to treat the disease has long perplexed doctors. Once many said that eating eggs and red meats was harmful. Now most authorities think otherwise. Then drastic rice diets were prescribed and found successful when rigorously observed; now some noted physicians regard a balanced but salt-free diet as less monotonous, yet equally effective.

Since it is an established fact that certain impulses from the nerves on the blood vessels cause them to constrict, doctors are treating dangerous cases with a sympathectomy, an involved operation that cuts off nerves leading to the blood system. This is a major operation; it requires months of recuperation, is expensive, and does not always succeed.

Meanwhile, other scientists followed a different course. "Maybe we can't discover why arteries constrict," they reasoned, "but we may find a drug to keep the nerves from doing it."

In 1944, British investigators at Oxford began testing an unusual drug—a distant relative of the dread curare that South American Indians placed on darts to poison their enemies. Called hexamethonium, it magically relaxed the grasp that the nerves held over the arteries.

Soon scientists at the Georgetown and Veterans Administration hospitals in Washington introduced the drug to America. Into a room attendants wheeled a middle-aged man gasping in agony from an acute attack. His blood pressure had suddenly soared to 240, and death seemed inevitable.

Doctors injected a massive dose of hexamethonium into his veins. Within a few minutes, his body relaxed and soon his pressure dropped 70 points. Treatments continued regularly on the following days, and at the end of a few weeks the patient walked from the hospital in buoyant spirits.

Other American investigators began using hexamethonium; and they, too, found that in cases which would have demanded a drastic sympathectomy before, it spectacularly lowered pressures and saved lives. In other cases, when blood pressures had suddenly jumped beyond control and surgery was impossible, doctors often despaired; now, in crisis after crisis, the "magic hex" brings pressures to safe levels.

But there is a dangerous side to this powerhouse drug. Sometimes, in addition to relaxing blood vessels, it paralyzes other organs of the body. Sometimes it causes dizziness and nausea. And sometimes it causes what doctors call "postural hypo-

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tension"—lowering blood pressure so much that patients cannot stand without fainting.

Because of its dangers if used indiscriminately, many physicians, such as Dr. David Grob of Johns Hopkins University, warn that it should be taken only under strict medical supervision, and preferably started in a hospital. But dozens of top researchers, here and abroad, agree that when properly used, it is an important new weapon in the medical man's arsenal.

WHILE HEXAMETHONIUM was being developed, scientists throughout the world continued to seek a drug that could be used in most cases where blood pressures are much higher than normal but no immediate threat. The most promising was found almost purely by chance.

It was in 1945, in the Ciba pharmaceutical laboratories at Basle, Switzerland. A young chemist, Jean Druey, while preparing pthalazine compounds, produced a new chemical. It was labeled "Compound 5968."

Nobody knew its value. In a routine way, the powder went to Ciba's biological laboratories where researchers decided to learn what effect, if any, it had on animals. One pharmacologist anesthetized a rabbit, then injected a solution of the white powder. Watching carefully, he noticed that the animal's ears reddened. Obviously, the drug increased local circulation.

Blood pressure tests were made. The strange new compound slowly and gradually lowered the animal's pressure. However, no matter how much was given, the pressure never went below a certain safe level. Was this man's long-sought answer for hypertension?

Ciba officials in Switzerland flashed news of young Druey's discovery to research experts in their American laboratories. Here, Dr. Frederick Yonkman began similar tests on cats, rabbits and dogs. He confirmed the Swiss findings, then began clinical treatment of humans.

First results were disappointing. Yes, the compound, now called Apresoline, reduced blood pressures. But patients repeatedly complained that it caused unbearable headaches. Disappointed physicians wired Yonkman: "Suggest you discontinue tests. Headaches worse than high blood pressure."

Dr. Yonkman and others noted that when patients continued treatments for several weeks, headaches disappeared. Desperately chasing this clue, they urged clinical investigators to give new patients small quantities of the drug at first and to increase doses gradually. Now it took longer to reduce blood pressure, but as patients slowly became accustomed to the drug, headaches seldom resulted.

Four doctors, headed by Dr. Irvine H. Page, now treated 97 patients with Apresoline at the Cleveland Clinic Foundation. More than half showed marked improvement, and in other cases pressures dropped —though not to normal levels.

Where Apresoline failed was significant. It made little headway in old patients, when hypertension had already run a long course. It failed in patients suffering severe damage to kidneys, and when hypertension resulted from tumors or from infections. No really satisfactory drug has been found to treat such condi-

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tions, although a new product, Regitine, tells when certain tumors which cause high blood pressure exist, so that they may be removed.

In some pregnant women who are known to have high blood pressure or develop it during pregnancy due to a disturbance of metabolism, blood pressure may rise to dangerous heights. Before, doctors often prayed for a remedy that would not endanger the child. Tests show Apresoline to be highly effective in such emergencies.

Once prescribed by a doctor to fit individual needs, the Apresoline treatment may be carried out at home. Usually, physicians begin with low dosages and observe reactions for several weeks to decide on the exact amount of treatment required. Cost of the drug may range from 10 cents to $1.20 a day, with 60 cents a likely average.

Physicians have also reported spectacular success with some other anti-hypertension drugs developed in recent years. One of these is Veriloid, a Veratrum-viride extract made from a common weed. Many doctors have found that it is useful for patients with marked hypertension. Physicians also use the Veratrum-viride drugs when hypertension is caused by pregnancy.

Explorers in the foothills of Asia's Himalaya Mountains brought back the exotic Rauwolfia serpentina plant. Laboratory workers distilled its roots and made another effective drug for milder hypertension which apparently acts on the central nervous system.

This drug seems to have little effect when used alone in severe cases. Two specialists at the Boston University School of Medicine tried giving it with Apresoline or Veriloid. They discovered that they could use less of the latter drugs to lower pressures, thus minimizing any undesirable side-effects seen with larger doses.

The idea of using different drugs in combination has also been applied to hexamethonium and Apresoline. Significant results have been reported by Dr. Henry A. Schroeder, director of the Hypertension Division, Washington University School of Medicine, St. Louis. Hypertension, Dr. Schroeder reasons, is a psychosomatic ailment in most cases — thus endorsing the widely held view that high blood pressure, like ulcers, may be the price a high-strung, hard-working executive pays for his success.

It all starts with the nervous system causing constriction of the blood vessels. The result is a blood deficiency in the kidneys which, in turn, release "pressor substances" into the blood stream. If this goes on long enough, it may lead to changes in the blood vessels, and particularly in the small arteries of the kidneys, thus producing an organic illness which in turn tends to elevate blood pressure.

Working on this theory, Dr. Schroeder staged a two-pronged attack: giving alternating doses, he used hexamethonium as a weapon against the involvement of the nervous system, and Apresoline against the results of a malfunctioning kidney. In more than 200 cases of severe and malignant hypertension,

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failure to take the prescribed double drug cure after leaving the hospital caused a death rate more than four times as high as among those who continued the treatment.

Many severe cases were reduced to milder forms. "In patients intelligent enough to exploit its advantages," Dr. Schroeder says, "this method is safe, if the physician respects the powerful action of both drugs, taking precautionary measures in dealing with unwanted effects." Other specialists agree with Dr. Schroeder in accepting the combined use of hexamethonium and Apresoline as a "calculated risk" well worth taking when a severe form of hypertension threatens life.

Medical men stress repeatedly that no "miracle drug" for high blood pressure has yet been discovered. Although these new drugs achieve spectacular success in opening up the smaller arteries, specialists warn that their patients must follow a way of living in which hypertension appears least likely to thrive. A hypertensive must keep his weight down, avoid excitement, relax frequently during the day, and get a full night's sleep.

Meanwhile, the search for the perfect drug continues. Many determined researchers are tracking down one clue that new drugs such as Apresoline and Rauwolfia serpentina make significant. This clue is that the whole story of common high blood pressure may begin in the mid-brain, that the brain creates a chemical which acts on the nervous system to elevate blood pressure. Somehow, it is thought, Apresoline counteracts the effect of this chemical.

With the introduction of these new drugs—and the prospect of securing improved ones—hope for blood pressure victims has never been brighter. A man whose hypertension is observed before it harms the arteries of the kidneys, heart or brain, now may hope to enjoy life free from disability discomforts and fears characteristic of long-time hypertensives.

Improved drugs may soon become as effective in controlling high blood pressure as insulin has been in saving millions of diabetics from the grave. Insulin does not cure diabetes but keeps the blood's sugar content from reaching dangerous levels. Similarly, modern drugs will neither prevent nor cure high blood pressure, but by keeping pressures from reaching levels which endanger life, they may save or at least prolong countless lives. Not yet a complete answer, nevertheless they offer hope that we may soon be able to stop one of our most formidable killers.

Things to Remember

THE VALUE OF TIME; the success of perseverance; the pleasure of working; the dignity of simplicity; the worth of character; the power of kindness; the influence of examples; the obligation of duty; the wisdom of economy; the virtue of patience; the sound of laughter; the joy of originating, and the thrill of seeing it through. —Quoted in *The Stanocolan*

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Wine, Women and Diamonds

THE STORY OF THE AGA KHAN

by LAURENCE GREENE

WHO AND WHAT is the Aga Khan? Ask that question of the average man and his answer will be an extraordinary blend of fact and fancy. Such fact, for example, as the Aga Khan's fabulous wealth, his love for international café society, his passion for gambling and horses, and his brief period as father-in-law to Rita Hayworth. And such fancy as his bath water, bottled and sold to the faithful as something to be venerated; or the annual ceremony in which he is given his weight in diamonds.

But, fact or fancy, the Aga Khan is an incredible figure. A man of the world taking his all-too-human pleasures with zest and appetite, he is nonetheless a religious prophet, worshipped as the 49th direct descendant of the prophet Mohammed; he is a high priest, said to have the gift of second sight; he is a prince of royal blood whose line antedates virtually that of every other king and monarch on earth. He is an oriental potentate with all the glitter that implies; yet, he is at the same time a Western sportsman devoted to golf, poker, polo and the finer nuances of horsebreeding. One of the world's best-dressed men, in culture he is as French as a Paris *boulevardier*, in politics as British as a Whitehall diplomat.

Though he is a king without a kingdom, a monarch without a state, he is a state in himself; for wherever he happens to be is, at that moment, considered part of his non-existent kingdom, and in it he enjoys diplomatic immunity from local laws and statutes. Add to this the fact that though he possesses neither police, nor army, nor throne, his nod is law to 6,000,000 souls, his curse equal to excommunication from Paradise—and the paradox of this prince who is both priest and *bon-vivant* is complete.

Today the Aga Khan nears his 76th birthday and the 68th anniversary of his reign over the Ismailia sect of Mohammedanism. He is no longer the playboy hero of a thousand gossip-table stories; but he is still one with the tradition of the

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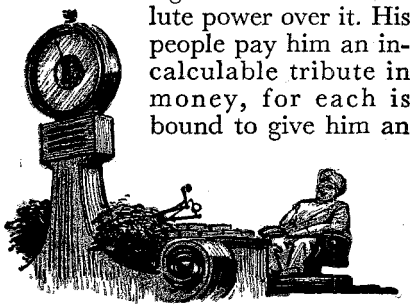
Indian prince: arrogant, individualistic, lavish in public places, and every inch the pleasure-seeker.

To the Ismaili Moslems, who consider him the incarnation of divine reason, pleasure is far from offensive. To them, happiness and serenity give life its meaning. Most of them live in India and East Africa, but some are also to be found in such diverse places as New York City and Pamir, the Soviet "roof of the world."

An incident involving Pamir, incidentally, has had repercussions. The tax collector there allowed Moslems to send part of their money as tithes to the Aga Khan. When Moscow learned of this, His Highness was indignantly denounced as "an enemy of the Soviet people" and the tax collector vanished from human ken.

The Ismailis stem from a Persian band of religious warriors who gave English one of its most sinister words —assassins. The Assassins were particularly effective in putting unbelievers to the sword because they were convinced that if they were killed in that endeavor, they would be immediately transported to a heaven of exotic beauties and pleasures beyond imagination.

Although his is a minor sect, the Aga Khan has absolute power over it. His people pay him an incalculable tribute in money, for each is bound to give him an annual sum. The amount he receives is a mystery, since it is not taxed but considered a religious gift; however, it must be tremendous, on the basis of his own statement not so long ago that he retains only 10 per cent for his needs.



Ignoring such fictions as a $2.5 billion gold hoard in Bombay, it is safe to estimate his fortune at nearly a billion, and his present annual income between $20,000,000 and $25,000,000. His London bankers regard the $8,000,000 on deposit there as pin money, and the manner in which he spends deprives this of any conceivable irony.

His name and titles can hardly be said in a breath. He is His Highness, Sir Mohammed Moulana Hazer Imam Sahib Shah Aga Sultan Khan III, "Keeper of Time and Existence, Repository of the Universal Soul." His urban followers consider this divinity with some reservation, but tribesmen in the remote places he seldom visits have been known to stuff their mouths with earth on which he has trodden.

The Aga Khan finds such acts of veneration excessive, although he takes his role as spiritual leader with utmost seriousness. He has not hesitated to dismiss the story of his bathtub water as "utter rubbish," and he is distressed that most news reports about him seem to deal with his wealth and social activities.

One legend is that he is the richest man in the world. To this the Aga Khan retorts, "Nonsense!" And then adds with some envy, "The richest man in the world is the Nizam of Hyderabad. He has a swimming pool full of diamonds."

In addition to the revenue from his followers, a huge income flows

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to the Aga Khan from his European investments and banking enterprises, in which he has been remarkably successful.

He has, at the same time, vast property holdings in India, Kenya, Syria, Iran; townhouses in Paris, London, Bombay, Karachi and Poona; a villa near Cannes, his main domicile; an Arabian Nights palace on the island of Zanzibar, a shooting lodge in Scotland, a castle in Ireland—all of which are kept staffed the year round, even to the chef, to be ready if His Highness unexpectedly drops in.

He once threw a party for 3,000 guests at a cost exceeding $80,000 for the night. When his fourth wife, the present Begum, was robbed of almost her entire jewel collection—some $800,000 worth—as they left their villa for Paris, the Aga Khan was undisturbed.

"Ah," he remarked, smiling, "it is Lloyds who must worry, not me." As it turned out, the French police recovered the gems and involved a police official in the theft.

Friends are also likely to remark that the Aga Khan in matters of marital splendor, is not so far behind his friend the Nizam of Hyderabad. When Aly Khan, the Aga Khan's eldest son and heir, married Rita Hayworth, those who attended the wedding party insisted that the swimming pool had been filled with costly perfume, and that numerous fountains on His Highness' estate were actually spraying equally expensive scents into the already heavily laden air.

It is reported, too, that the Aga Khan's wedding gift was in a truly royal tradition—a letter of credit for $5,000,000. This was considered not too excessive, in view of the fact that since Aly's finances are arranged by his knowledgeable father, Aly has little if any money in his own name.

WHEN THE AGA KHAN was born in Karachi, India, on November 2, 1877, his grandfather, the first Khan, was still alive. He was a lusty fellow who lived to be 81, had a harem of hundreds, claimed to have sired 3,000 children, and to have a household cavalry of 800 blood sons.

The second Khan—the word is Mongol for "chief"; Aga means "honorable sir" in Tartar—was in power only four years before his death. He was a scholar and the only fire he showed was a passion for stalking tigers on foot.

The Aga Khan succeeded at the age of eight, and was immediately taken in hand by his mother, a relative of Nasreddin Shah, ruler of Persia. A conscientious, strong-minded woman, she wanted him to be a statesman working for the welfare of his people. To that end he was taught by private tutors until he was sent to England to study at Oxford and Cambridge, where he fell in love with Western cosmopolitan life and thereafter, save for required annual visits, stayed away from both India and Africa.

As a youth, the Aga Khan was honored in London. Queen Victoria gave him a dinner, with Indian food and servants, when she was 79. He still marvels at her eyesight, hearing and appetite—she worked her way through a trencherman's dinner and did not slight the three desserts.

"I am probably the last man alive," he said last summer, "who

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can speak of having dined with Queen Victoria."

In 1906, he made his only visit to the U. S., where he was a dinner guest of President Theodore Roosevelt. Though he remembers the dinner and the courses—for he is one of the world's distinguished gourmets—he has a more vivid memory of the trial of Harry K. Thaw for the murder of Stanford White.

In Paris the Aga Khan had met Thaw and Thaw's companion, the beautiful Evelyn Nesbit. Like the other bloods of the time, he paid court. He was well up in the pack when a friend counseled him: "Quit. Thaw is not quite sane. He could cause a scene—cane you, or possibly do more." The Aga Khan, then as now a sensible man, quit.

Until comparatively recently, His Highness has been very much the ladies' man. He appreciates beauty —and since beauty and pleasure are not far removed, he has conscientiously labored to bring the two together.

He is in no sense attractive, weighing about 250 pounds most of the time and peering at the world through smoked glasses like a disgruntled owl; but he is charming, civilized and understanding of human foibles, and makes a gracious, if weary, companion.

His first Begum—the word is Hindustani for "queen" or "lady of high rank"—was a native Indian girl, Shahzadi, who became his bride in a marriage of state when he was 20. It lasted but a few years.

In 1908 he attended a ballet and was captivated by Theresa Magliano, an Italian aristocrat who had become a dancer. They were married that year and she bore him

two sons. One died in infancy; the other was Aly.

The death of the second Begum might have been the denouement of one of Sheherazade's thousand-and-one tales. The Aga Khan was in London, in 1926, bidding on the Golden Dawn—a 61-carat yellow diamond, 40th in the world's 75 best, with a history almost as baleful as that of the Hope Diamond.

He managed to buy the diamond at a bargain price of $27,500, and returned to his hotel, bubbling with delight. There waited a cablegram announcing the Begum's death.

Three years later he married Andrée Josephine Marie Leonie Carron, daughter of a French hotelkeeper, and a one-time salesgirl. Their marriage survived 14 years and brought him another son, Sadruddin. The divorce, in 1943, was sought jointly by the couple on grounds of "mutual dislike."

The fact that the Aga Khan allowed the Begum to join him in obtaining the divorce was a tribute to his gallantry, for under Moslem law he could have divorced her simply —and contemptuously—by intoning three times, "I divorce thee."

At other times what appears suspiciously like the traditional oriental attitude toward women reveals

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itself. Although the Khan has always liked Rita Hayworth—and even today sends her brief and paternally affectionate messages—he disliked having her wear makeup in public, and generally would have preferred her to be more retiring.

Toward Yasmin, Aly's and Rita's daughter, the Khan is the fond grandfather. He has a particular affection for her—he has two grandsons but she is his only granddaughter—and he does not forget that his descent from Mohammed was through the Prophet's daughter and only child, Fatima. He has insisted that she be reared as a Moslem.

Whether this will be done must wait until Yasmin reaches the age of reason. Whatever the outcome, Yasmin is scheduled to receive one-fifth of the Aga Khan's estate, for under Moslem law a child cannot be disowned by its parents. Aly, as the eldest of his two sons, will be the next Khan.

The fourth Begum, who remains close to the Khan's side and has nursed him through several illnesses, is the former Yvette Blanche Labrousse, a tall, strikingly beautiful woman who won the title of "Miss France" in 1930.

The year of their marriage, 1946, saw the widely misunderstood diamond weighing ceremony. Even years before, following an ancient Indian custom, the Khan had been weighed against gold in Bombay and in East Africa. He was paid some $236,000, which he promptly turned back to his people as grants for the building of schools and hospitals and other good works.

In 1946, on his 60th, diamond, jubilee, he sat in a monster scale erected in Bombay before thousands of his subjects, and diamonds equal to his weight at that time—243 pounds—were poured into the balance.

It took 550,000 carats of diamonds, most of them borrowed from London, to tip the scale. The equivalent in pounds sterling was fixed at $3,200,000, but a New York expert said the gem and industrial stones would be more nearly worth $60,000,000. This money, too, was returned in the form of grants.

If the Khan has lived on a scale commensurate with what might be expected of a reigning prince, he has done so as a benevolent potentate, with his people's welfare at heart. He has been a leader in the education of India's illiterates. Before World War II, he helped organize the All-India Moslem League, represented India at the League of Nations, and in 1937 was elected President of the Assembly of the League. He was once nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize.

The British consider him one of the most effective behind-the-scenes moderating influences in the present troubled relations between the Moslem world and the West, and a definite force for peace.

Young and old, sick and well, the Khan has behaved the way an oriental nabob should. He has been privileged to make his own rules, and sometimes break them. Moslems may have four wives at one time. The Khan has never availed himself of this privilege; on the other hand only one of the Begums was a Moslem. Ordinary Moslems are not permitted to imbibe alcoholic beverages, but the Khan's only drink is champagne, and most of his followers go along with the con-

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venient fable that the wine turns to purest water when it touches his holy lips.

For a divine prophet, the Khan has had his minor frustrations. One has been his golf. He has tried valiantly to win a tournament and probably never will. On missing a short putt he said ruefully, "Oh, that I had been born Bobby Jones!"

Personally the Khan is charming to those he considers his social equals, but can be unspeakably rude to underlings. An inept waiter may expect to be verbally flayed, and his jockeys resent him because his reward for the winning of a race may be only a curt word of acknowledgment.

Once at least, his bad manners were publicly rebuked. He was barred from Vittel, the French watering place, because he stood about the roulette tables muttering "Peanuts!" when large bets were placed.

The Khan still attends parties, but finds it a little more difficult to get into the proper spirit. He celebrated last New Year's Eve with a dinner at an exclusive nightclub. There was much merriment, particularly when Aly and Aly's companion, film star Gene Tierney, began playfully pelting him with green cotton balls soaked in champagne. The Khan was not amused.

Indeed, lately he finds less and less to amuse him. Sometimes, for all the magnificence of his surroundings and the vivid memory of his adventures, he tends to find life downright boring and is reduced to desperate straits.

Not too long ago, when the then King Farouk of Egypt was indulging his gambling mania at the various casinos along the French Riviera, the Aga Khan felt so lonely that he was seen sitting for hours in the lobby of a Deauville hotel waiting for Farouk, scheduled to arrive that night, to join him at the *chemin de fer* tables.

The Aga Khan may have no love for the ex-King of Egypt; but Farouk is one of the few men still living who can pursue pleasure with the kind of largesse the Aga Khan knows—and which now and then, in these closing years of a fabulous life, he tries to recapture.

If he cannot, he will not be too perturbed. The essence of Moslem wisdom is the acceptance of what must be. He has taken his days, and they have been many and full.

Principally about People

IF KISSING is the language of love, an awful lot of people like to talk things over. —HAWLEY R. EVERHART

MANY people who long for immortality do not know what to do on a rainy afternoon. —SUSAN ERTZ

HUMAN beings are great people for excuses—and these days you also run into some great excuses for human beings. —HERB SHELDON

PEOPLE who think nothing's impossible probably have no in-laws. —FRANKLIN P. JONES

MANY PEOPLE have the right aim in life—but they just never pull the trigger. —FRANK A. DINELLO

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Out of the Storm

by ORLAND O. DODSON

Across time and tempest, one man's act of piety may have won mercy for others

HIS FELLOW GALVESTONIANS considered Will Doyle a fanatic because he had a consuming belief in the power of the name of God. When the little bookkeeper erected a monument to his Creator, they shook their heads. But that simple tribute, and the dramatic events that followed, left them an eloquent message of faith.

When a great new sea wall was dedicated at Galveston to protect the Island City from tidal waves, Doyle stood apart, silent and disapproving, from the crowd which came to cheer. Soon afterward, he appeared before the County Commissioners.

"The monument you have erected on the sea wall," said Doyle, "pays tribute to the engineers who built it and the commissioners who planned it, which is right and proper. But you have left out the name of the greatest Engineer of all. There is no mention of the Lord."

The commissioners listened to Doyle's plea for a correction of the oversight, but took no action. Doyle would not rest. With his own modest earnings, he financed the erection of a small granite monument on the western end of the sea wall. Since Doyle was paying the bill, the commissioners shrugged and granted permission.

On the stone, Doyle had inscribed a quotation from the Book of Exodus: "In all places where I record my name I will come unto thee and I will bless thee." Underneath, the single word, "Lord," was carved in large block letters.

Doyle set his monument on the sea wall and, with faith in God's sure blessing, felt finally secure as he—and all of Galveston—awaited the first test of the great new bulwark of steel and concrete. It came in August, 1915.

The first to feel the effects of the awesome Gulf hurricane and tidal wave were the captain and crew of the schooner *Allison Doura.* The little craft, carrying hemp from Progreso, Mexico, to Mobile, ran afoul of the big wind far out at sea, 300 miles from Galveston. It was caught up in the storm and, like a chip, pushed headlong before the screaming winds and angry mountains of waves.

It was forced far off course, toward the dangerous shallows off the

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coast. For three days, the tiny ship danced crazily in the storm.

Master and crew, having lowered the sails, braced themselves for what seemed sure destruction. They committed their souls to eternity, dared to hope, gave up again. And, as the sun went down on the third day, the blackness of night and the high seas seemed to cut them off from all mankind, from all hope.

Then, suddenly, at 1 A.M. the vessels' voyage came to an end with a sickening crash.

The impact of an unseen object smashed the hull and the ship began to grind itself to pieces. Fitful winds tore across the crumbling deck like clutching fingers, swept master and crew off the shuddering ship and sucked them over the tossing seas.

Then, while the bits that remained of the *Allison Doura* were scattered for miles along the Gulf shore of Galveston Island, the winds miraculously deposited the seven terrified seafarers in an eddy of calm behind the crest of the Galveston sea wall—where, ten years before, Will Doyle had erected his monument to the Lord.

Ingenious Expedients

AS A NATION, we have usually managed to dream up a way to handle almost any given situation; as individuals, we do even better. Whether it was a man or a woman who figured out the "artificial baby" of the late nineteenth century, we don't know—but it was a most successful ruse.

Along about 1870, the decorous Seventies, American women began to travel alone on railroad trains. And to circumvent possible unwelcome attentions of traveling gentlemen, many of the women carried an armful of cuddly, trailing blankets, bundled about a wee something which occasionally emitted a long, mournful wail. The illusion of motherhood was presented by a large, crying doll. —*Wall Street Journal*

GIACOMO MEYERBEER, the composer, was chary about giving autographs; he even refused to oblige the director of the Paris Opera when that gentleman asked an autograph for a friend. Determined nevertheless to get the signature, the director asked a friendly newspaper editor to publish this announcement: "*The Huguenots* tomorrow! Music by Halévy." This brought an instant protest from Meyerbeer. The editor then forwarded the letter to the opera director, who handed it over to his autograph-collecting friend.

—*Etude Magazine*, Copyright 1953, Theodore Presser Co.

AN ILLINOIS CONCERN has set up offices for its retired employees. Available are desks, phones and secretarial help. The retired employees are under no obligation to the company, but their seasoned judgment may be requested regarding the company's business. An aid to the company and a definite benefit to busy men who suddenly find themselves without something to do! —*Advertiser's Digest*

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Football's Finest Halfback

by BOOTON HERNDON

The story of Johnny Blood has become one of the great legends of the game

AS JOHN VICTOR MCNALLY, a tall, lean man with intense eyes and a springy step, strides across the University of Minnesota campus this fall, it would take an astute student to guess his age at much more than half his 50 years. And in the classroom, it would take a sports fanatic indeed to identify this erudite ex-professor of economics as the most colorful professional football player in the history of the game —the fabulous, the legendary, the one and only Johnny Blood!

Johnny Blood . . . the very name still brings a tingle to the spines of those who remember when every other town through the North Central states, and Pennsylvania, too, had its own professional football team. Johnny Blood played with teams from LaCrosse to Pottsville, but it was with the famous Packers of Green Bay, Wisconsin, that the "Vagabond Halfback" wrote his name in the record books.

Incredible, harum-scarum, dashing—he was a pass-catching genius, a smashing runner until he broke through the scrimmage line, and then he was a wraith, a wisp, here one minute, over the goal the next.

The fans idolized him; his teammates played their hearts out for him; even his opponents admired and respected him. For all his dash, for all his flash, he was a team player, a man who gave all he had all the time, and still played football, college and professional, for 21 consecutive years. His last big-league game was in 1945, when he was 42 years old, just back from three years overseas—and just as fast as ever.

Johnny was as famous for his exploits off the gridiron as for those on. Normally a shy, sensitive, introspective youngster, possessed of a brilliant mind, there were times when something inside him would burst loose. Maybe he would recite a poem. Maybe he would climb up the wall like a human fly to his hotel room, or sneak quickly through the transom to surprise one of his teammates.

That was Johnny Blood, the man who traded in the pigskin for a

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briefcase to become, under his real name of John Victor McNally, a professor of economics and a good one at that.

JOHNNY BLOOD would have played football for nothing, so much did he love the game, but, strangely enough, money was one of the factors leading up to what has been described as the most thrilling football game of all time.

It was in the season of 1936. Johnny, not so much for the money as for his pride, held out for the sum, laughable today, of $175 a game. Curly Lambeau, the coach who built the Packers, let him sit out two games; but when the crucial game with the Detroit Lions came around, Curly had no choice but to meet his price.

The Lions had knocked the Packers out of the championship the year before, and it was the Lions, with their fearful, bone-crunching offense, that the Packers had to beat this year. Green Bay was the hottest football town in the world, and this was its most important game.

And so Johnny Blood started the game, playing left halfback and calling signals. Curly's only instructions were: "*Don't pass!*"

Johnny engineered his team to a 10-0 lead before he called the forbidden pass. It failed, and Lambeau took him out.

Now Detroit started to roll—three yards, six yards, ten yards. They couldn't be stopped, and they powered over 15 points.

Curly turned to Johnny. "If we lose this game, it's your fault!" he said furiously.

The game went into the second half with the Packers still trailing, and the crowd started shouting for Blood—Johnny Blood.

Again Curly had no choice. "Get in there, Johnny," he said, "but *don't pass!*"

Johnny said nothing. Lean, handsome, swift, with that electric quality of the great athlete, the Vagabond Halfback raced out on the field and the Green Bay rooters rose up with a roar.

The Packers were on their own 35-yard line. In the huddle, Johnny Blood looked at Arnie Herber, the team's passer. "Throw it to me, Arnie," Johnny said. "All the way."

Arnie didn't question. He nodded, and the team charged out of the huddle.

With the snap of the ball Johnny was off. There was about as much subtlety to the maneuver as there is in a streak of lightning, and the Lion backfield took after him. Meantime, Arnie Herber, who could throw the ball a mile, reared back and let it go.

It went up like a skyrocket in the general direction of the goal line, 65 yards away. Johnny, a ten-second man, sped after it, and the Lions backfield sped after him. Over the goal they went—Blood, Lions and pigskin—and met in a melee of waving arms ten feet off the ground. For a moment they seemed to hang there, with every man, woman and child in the stadium on his feet, screaming.

The tangled mass of players fell to the ground and the officials charged into the pile. At the bottom, a grin on his face and the ball cradled in his arms, was Johnny Blood. Somehow, in the midst of all those waving arms, he had gotten the ball and managed to hang

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on to it. The official threw up his arms in the signal for a touchdown, and the bedlam in the stands turned to hysteria.

That play won the ball game, and the Packers won the championship. Players, fans, and Curly Lambeau fell on Johnny after the game, but all Johnny had to say was: "For 65 yards there, I guess I was unemployed!"

A FUNNY FELLOW, nobody ever knew what Johnny was going to do next, or where he was going to do it. Even before he hit the big time he was a legendary character.

Take the season he was with the Duluth Eskimos, and the horrified owner discovered him reciting poetry to a crowd on a street corner when he should have been in his hotel room asleep. The owner escorted him to the hotel, and *personally* locked him in.

No sooner had the key turned in the lock than Johnny was out the window, six stories above the street. He hung by his fingertips, then dropped catlike to the window ledge of the room below, where he tapped lightly on the pane.

The surprised occupant of the room opened the window and let him in. And that's where the apoplectic owner found him a few minutes later, still reciting poetry. The occupant of the room was the owner's girl friend!

Johnny did crazy things, but at the same time he was calling signals for four championship teams. The players never thought Johnny was crazy though, not even when he called plays that didn't exist.

Green Bay had a famous pair of plays, Forty and Forty-X. On Forty, Johnny gave the ball to Clark Hinkle, the fullback, and Hinkle slammed into the line. On Forty-X he faked it to Hinkle, then slipped it to George Sauer, the other halfback, who would usually go around end for a long gain.

The Chicago Bears had studied this play, and Bill Hewitt, their end, had worked out a way to beat it. He simply followed Sauer around and nailed him whether he had the ball or not.

After this had happened a couple of times, Johnny, in the huddle, called, "Forty-Double-X."

"Huh?" asked Hinkle.

"Give me that again," said Sauer.

"Forty-Double-X," repeated Johnny, and that's all he would say.

The play started. Hinkle spun, reached for the ball, didn't get it, but charged into the line regardless. Sauer came by, but Johnny didn't give him the ball either, which was just as well, for Hewitt piled into him with joyful abandon.

But while Hewitt was mopping up the field with Sauer, Johnny was racing wide around his unprotected end—*with the ball.* Nobody came near him. Forty-Double-X won the game.

When Art Rooney, the owner of the Pittsburgh Pirates, needed a coach in 1937, he called upon Johnny Blood. Johnny's salary was $3,000 a year. He was 34 years old.

In his first league game as coach, Mister Blood sat on the bench with great dignity. The Pirates got off to a one-touchdown start; but their

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opponents, the Philadelphia Eagles, tied it up and the half ended with the score 7-7. Shortly after the second half began, the Pirates made it 14-7. That was the end of Mister Blood, executive. It was the Vagabond Halfback who threw off his blanket, and took the field.

The Eagles kicked off, and Johnny Blood caught the ball on his eight-yard line. For 92 yards he cut, dodged, swerved, back-tracked, reversed his field, all with blinding, blazing speed, and went over the goal line standing up. Score: 21-7.

The Pirates kicked off, bottled up the Eagles, made them punt. But shortly the Eagles made a touchdown, and again the Pirates had the ball. On the first play, Johnny called a pass. The ball sailed 44 yards and came down in the arms of Johnny Blood. He ran it 30 more yards. Score: 27-14.

Coach Johnny Blood took Halfback Johnny Blood out. As he trotted back to the bench, he grinned at owner Rooney, "There's your ball game, Art."

FROM BOYHOOD, Johnny Blood was destined for some kind of stardom. He started out in New Richmond, Wisconsin, with a strange and wonderful family background. His eight great-grandparents bore the names of McNally, Murphy, Riley, Barrett, McCormick, McGraw, McGannon and McGuff. His father, who died when Johnny was 17, came from Erin Corners in Erin Township, and was known as a mighty man with his fists.

In school Johnny was terrible, at least from his father's standpoint, for he got such good marks that the teachers were always pushing

him ahead. He graduated from high school at the age of 14, before he was big enough even to go out for athletics.

Johnny was so ashamed of himself that he ran away and tried to join the Navy. Failing that, he went to a college near home and, by trying very hard, managed to waste a year. Thus he was able to start at St. John's College in Minnesota as a 16-year-old freshman. Now he was big enough to compete in sports, and what an athlete he was to become!

As a freshman, he entered the annual school track meet, and won the silver loving cup by the incredible margin of 51 points. Never, in all his life since then, has he had a thrill equal to handing that little silver cup to his father. That wondrous moment proved to him forever more the thrill of excelling, of being the best.

He earned letters in football, basketball and track at St. John's, but that wasn't enough. He decided he would be the first student to win four letters. He got a book on how to play baseball, and read the chapter on how to pitch.

A classmate still remembers, with horror, looking over at Johnny during Mass one morning, and seeing him make strange gestures with his right hand. Johnny had concealed the baseball book behind his missal,

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and was practicing the various grips illustrated.

Apparently Providence was more broadminded than the classmate because, in the big game against Macalester, Johnny pitched for the first time in his life, gave up just four hits, and won the ball game.

He also found time to edit the school yearbook and captain the debating team. He could borrow a textbook the night before an exam, read it through for the first time, and pass with a high mark. He enjoyed everything he did. They still remember him there as the boy who always ran everywhere he went.

St. John's was then only a two-year college, and Johnny thought he'd like to finish up at Notre Dame. That was in the days of the Four Horsemen, however, and he lasted exactly two days as tackle on the freshman team.

The next fall, he was working on a newspaper in Minneapolis and, to augment his income, went out for a neighborhood semi-pro team. Only one thing worried him: if he made the team, and then later decided to go back to college, he would be ineligible for amateur athletics.

On the way to practice with another player, he passed a theater where the Valentino film, "Blood and Sand," was playing. "That's it," yelled young McNally. "You be Sand—I'll be Blood!"

From then on, as he moved up the ladder of pro football to the top, he was Johnny Blood. Even though league rules prohibit the use of false names, he was always listed in the lineup as Johnny Blood. Why not? He *was* Johnny Blood.

He was a handsome youngster, six feet one, 185 pounds, with black hair, blue eyes. Energy was bottled up inside him like vintage champagne. No matter how much money he made, he always spent more. He was always broke.

At the beginning of the season, owners mail their players Pullman tickets. Johnny used to sell his ticket, have a big time, and come in by day coach—or freight. Once he rode from San Francisco to Pittsburgh with nothing to eat but a half-bag of peanuts he happened to find on the seat.

Johnny was All-Pro in 1931, with Clark, Ernie Nevers and Red Grange. Red, incidentally, still bitterly recalls the day he tried to tackle Johnny Blood and, for his efforts, was carried off the field unconscious.

JOHNNY WOUND UP his seventeenth consecutive year of professional football on December 7, 1941. Then 38, he went into the Air Force, which preferred his brains to his brawn and sent him to the Far East as a cryptographer.

On the way there he gave the brass a very good idea of what they could expect. Going over the Rockies in a troop train, he went up ahead to the coal tender and lay down on the coal, looking up at the stars. It was a particularly cold January 1. And the temperature was below zero.

Staff-Sergeant McNally was in the States on rotation when the war ended. He called his old friend Curly Lambeau and asked him how he was fixed for halfbacks.

"Come on!" said Curly, and Johnny, 42 years old, came back to football. He went in the game against the Eagles and looked his

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old flashy self—until Curly waved him back into safety position to return an Eagle punt.

"I saw the ball coming down, and I was under it all right," Johnny recalls, "but that's the last thing I know. How many of 'em hit me, and what they hit me with, I don't know, but things sure got black awful fast. That was my last football game."

He went back to St. John's College and took his degree. He also took a wife, the tall, good-looking former Peggy Streater.

"I used to work for a cousin of Johnny's," Peggy, a Wisconsin girl, says, "and I heard everything there was to hear about the fabulous Johnny Blood long before I met him. Then I did meet him, and I found that this great hero was just a shy, sensitive, wonderful man that I couldn't help falling in love with."

They were married in 1949. The good Benedictine Fathers who run St. John's asked family-man McNally to stay on and teach economics. John and Peggy took a small apartment in nearby St. Cloud, and settled down like any other pair of just-marrieds.

Peggy worked at the college, too. The McNallys have no children and a typical evening at home would find Peggy reading, listening to the radio or fussing about the apartment, while John sat in the big easy chair, his lap full of books on economics.

Last year he made an important decision: at 50, he, Johnny Blood (Professor McNally), would return to the classroom for advanced study in economics and philosophy. He chose the University of Minnesota and naturally Peggy, by now used to that famous all-out Johnny Blood enthusiasm with which her husband throws himself into things, chose to go with him. They plan to remain at Minnesota for two years.

"I could have quit football if I'd wanted to," he smiles. "But not economics. I was the master of football, but this is the master of me."

THIS, THEN, this economist and philosopher, is what became of Johnny Blood, one of the greatest football players in history. What does he think of the game today? What about, for instance, the abolition of the two-platoon system?

"Well, I think the two-platoon system, which the professionals will continue to play, is the best football," he admits. "You get more out of your men, give the spectators a finer game. In college ball, if the return to the one-platoon system will help the smaller colleges field teams, I'm all for it. But I'll bet you that the big-money schools will figure out a way to beat it, and we'll be right back where we were."

Johnny himself did not go through school on an athletic scholarship. However, he is by no means opposed to giving a boy an education in return for playing football.

"What is wrong," Johnny says, "is the sickening hypocrisy with which our top university officials go about it. If you want a winning team you can get it, honestly and above board, but you can't field a winning team without paying for it. It can't be done."

What about football for teenaged boys today? Would he want his son to follow in his footsteps?

"That would be entirely up to the boy. If my boy or anybody else's

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boy received no great emotional thrill out of football, it would be foolish for him to play, whether for money, scholarship or to please his old man. Football is a wonderful, thrilling, exciting game. It gives the boy back everything he puts into it.

"But if he wants to throw himself into football, and at the same time wants to prepare for law, or medicine, or engineering, I'd advise him to stay off the football field. Unless he's a really superb natural athlete, he can't keep up with both.

"As for professional football, I wouldn't want a son of mine to go into it for money, because the money isn't there. If he wanted to use it as a steppingstone to something else, the way so many do, I wouldn't stand in his way, but I wouldn't be particularly elated about it, either.

"But if my son were like me, if he loved the game, loved the thrills and the excitement and the fulfillment of his own destiny, and loved the freedom of the life, the escape from the regular hours and humdrum routine of modern life, why then of course I'd say, 'Go to it, son, and God bless you!' "

Partners in Crime

WHEN THE GRIP of Napoleon had at long last been removed from France, and Louis XVIII returned from exile in England to resume his rule, he summoned Fouché, Napoleon's Minister of Police.

"During my exile, was a close watch kept upon me by your spies?" the King demanded.

Fouché was reluctant to reply, but, after much persuasion, admitted, "We had one spy who kept us informed. He was a member of your court, the Duc de Blacas."

"How much did you pay him?"

"Eight thousand pounds a year."

"Fine," the King cried with delight. "While I was in exile the Duc de Blacas promised to pay me half his fee, and he always gave me four thousand pounds. It is comforting to learn that in my exile he was *not* cheating me."

—ADRIAN ANDERSON

AN OFFICIAL in one of the English colonies, wishing to test the honesty of his native houseboy, left a pound note on the table. The boy found the note and dutifully returned it to his master.

"You may keep it as a token of your honesty," said the official.

This test was repeated at irregular intervals. The servant never failed to deliver the planted money, and the master told him repeatedly, "You may keep it as a token of your honesty."

One day the official unwittingly left on the table his wallet containing several five-pound notes. It disappeared, and the the boy was very mum.

"Did you find my wallet?" asked the official.

"Yes, I did," said the boy calmly.

"Well, where is it?"

"I kept it as a token of my honesty," answered the boy. —*U. N. World*

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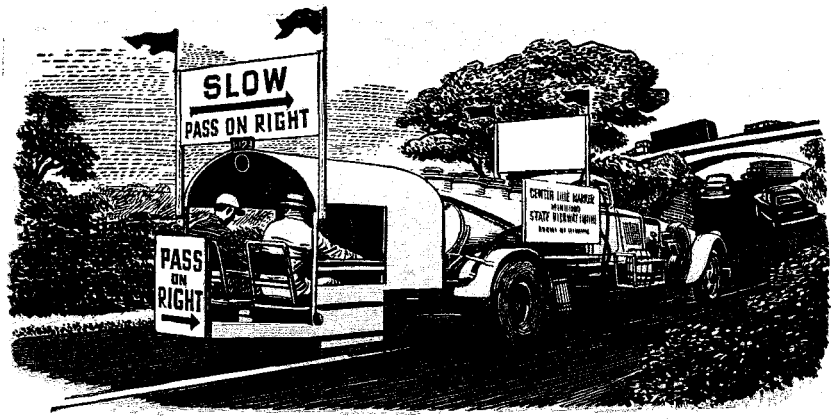

THE WHITE LINE

by JAMES C. G. CONNIFF

Those familiar road and highway markers have become a national safety emblem

FROM BANGOR to San Francisco, a white line stretches down the center of America's highways to keep traffic within its proper lanes.

Merely to keep that familiar line visible costs the states nearly $3,000,000 in paint alone every year. But who could put any price on the head-on collisions it has prevented? The property damages it has avoided? The emergencies it has served? Or the lives it has saved?

Yet the National Safety Council isn't even sure who deserves to be applauded as the inventor of this unique safety device. Although dozens of claimants have vied for the honor, the B. F. Goodrich Company, after a nationwide search in 1939, awarded it to Edward N. Hines of Detroit.

This was the earliest individual claim: 1911. As highway commissioner of Wayne County, Michigan, Hines witnessed a near-collision on a bridge between a horse and buggy and an automobile. The fault was not in the road but in the drivers, for there was plenty of room to pass, provided each vehicle kept to its own side of the road. The answer, Hines reflected, might lie in a guide, say a white line, which would clearly mark the center of the highway.

Experimenting with his idea, the Commissioner painted white lines on several well-known danger spots: blind curves, bridges, underpasses. Accidents dropped so sharply that Hines promptly extended his safety device to all Wayne County. The white line had begun its trek across the nation!

Six years later, a close brush with death inspired the same idea in Dr.

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June A. W. McCarroll of California. After an oncoming truck forced her car off the road, she spent several years campaigning before various groups for a center-line divider. In 1924, she had the satisfaction of seeing two five-mile stripes painted on California highways—one on a hairpin curve, the other, as a tribute to her loyalty of purpose, in front of her own home.

Once again, the results were unmistakable. The accident rate on the test stretches decreased markedly, and the practice was quickly adopted throughout the state.

About the same time, another Michigander, Superintendent Kenneth I. Sawyer of the Marquette County Road Board, independently thought of the white line. So did Police Captain Harry A. Lewis of Portland, Oregon. In Lancaster, England, John H. Wallacy watched two farm carts ram into each other in front of his house. Snatching a piece of chalk, Wallacy rushed out and drew a white line down the middle of the road.

But the idea is really much older. Between Mexico City and Cuernavaca stretches a road with a built-in center line of light-colored stones. The Spaniards laid it down 400 years ago!

Thus the familiar white line curves out of sight down the highroad of history. As we know it today, however, it has journeyed a long way from the Mexican stones and Wallacy's hasty chalk mark. Its laying is now a highly specialized process which is still being perfected by constant experiment and experience.

To keep white lines white, a certain amount of Prussian blue is added—otherwise they turn to an undistinguished yellow. They change, too, if they are painted on newly-paved black-top roads, for the paint tends to react chemically with the wet asphalt.

The average traffic line is four inches wide and takes 20 gallons of paint to the mile. Some states have designed and built their own striping rigs on a chassis much narrower than those of regular trucks. Since traffic is always a hazard, their tailored size decreases the likelihood of being sideswiped. Even so, many of the busy urban intersections have to be striped in the small hours of the morning.

Experienced highway crews can lay as much as 40 miles of lines a day, at a cost of $18 to $60 per mile, depending on the color and type of line. Missouri, which has perhaps the best equipped rig in the country, stripes an average 20 miles each day where traffic is heavy, and has, on occasion, painted a record 125 miles in ten hours.

STEERING a straight course is the toughest job that faces the crews who man the rigs. Gadgets and guides galore have been devised to do the trick. But the best way to paint a straight line down the middle of the road is also the simplest. Highway crews set a notched or calibrated horizontal guide bar several inches above the front of their rig radiator. Then, by measuring, they place the rig smack in the middle of the highway.

A second measuring makes sure it is parallel to the sides of the road. The driver then sights down one edge of the road in a notch on the guide bar—anywhere from 50 to

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100 feet ahead—drops the rig in gear and lets it roll.

Good men who can drive a straight line—and especially a curved line on a bend—are hard to come by. Out of 35 over a ten year period, Missouri found only four or five topnotchers. One champion simply drove a nail in a two-by-four, leveled it up on his radiator, and painted some of the straightest lines ever laid.

The most specialized rigs have two men in a little cablike housing at the rear to handle air-pressure controls, paint supply, nozzle height and so on, but it's the driver who carries the brunt of the strain. He sometimes has to be relieved several times in the course of a day's work. Like an accountant with his eyes fastened to rows of printed figures, he gets mesmerized.

All states paint solid lines on hills and curves, though most prefer the economy of skip-dash striping elsewhere. The saving is roughly two-thirds. The unpainted intervals are usually at least twice as long as the painted stripe.

Lately, new types of dividers have been used to take over the function of the well-known white lines. Some states, for example, have tried a "singing line" and like it. Engineers call it a "visual-audible separator." They lay it flush with new road surfaces as a permanent ridged concrete strip, six inches wide. When a car swerves onto it, the tires make a humming noise.

Another type of divider is the reflectorized line. It is made from white or yellow paint, with millions of tiny glass balls sprinkled in it, and costs only about 20 per cent more than plain lines.

L. H. Krick, New York's assistant superintendent of highway operation and maintenance, declares that the Empire State plans to use nothing else from now on as fast as the materials become available. Its devotees claim the reflectorized line is ten times brighter at night than ordinary paint. Even the pale light of the moon will set it glowing.

But Rex M. Whitton, chief highway engineer in Missouri, claims that when a driver meets oncoming headlights at night, the most highly visible line is, surprisingly, a black line. It takes a polish under traffic that picks up the headlights like a mirror. It is used only on light-colored roads.

But whether we see them white or black, or whether we merely hear them, the highway lines will continue to rank as one of the most important contributions ever made to traffic safety.

Words! Words! Words!

ONLY A HUSBAND KNOWS how quickly words can flail you.
—HERBERT V. PROCHNOW

THE LUMP IN THE THROAT hardest to bear is the one caused by swallowing one's words. —EARL WILSON

AFTER ALL IS SAID and done, more is usually said than done.
—*The Safe Worker*

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that can talk in a Guinness picture, but the paying customers don't seem to mind because Guinness has been in them.

What the customers see is not a handsome man, nor a big man. They see an ingenious, winning, somewhat bewildered man. Guinness doesn't have the strength of strength in his face; he has the strength of weakness. His smile is hesitant, and his eyes, which dart from side to side, seem wary. His gestures, which appear tentative, are those of a man who is going to be very certain before he displays himself.

Guinness, though not a tall man, somehow appears tall, mostly by being small. He always seems unsure of himself, yet audiences seem to sense that this apparent insecurity is actually a kind of Guinness security. He is not the boy next door or the dream prince or the gravel-voiced master of men and women. He seems to be everybody.

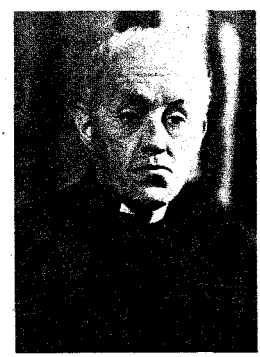
But this is not a complete explanation of Guinness' appeal. The reason that audiences find his characters fascinating and the reason they gladly line up to pay their admissions is that all the characterizations are tremendously real. They are real to audiences because they are passionately real to Guinness.

All actors say they "just throw themselves into their parts." Guinness appears to do more; he throws Guinness out of the part. He becomes the bank clerk, the garden editor, the slick promoter. And he becomes these things not only on the set but off.

Michael Truman, one of Britain's leading young film producers, knew Guinness as the garden editor by seeing him on the set of "A Run for Your Money." Truman was present when Princess Margaret, visiting the set, strode past the little gardener, although she had met Guinness before. Guinness smiled, but Princess Margaret was astonished when he spoke to her later.

"Of course I saw you," the Princess said. "I thought to myself, 'What a boring little man.' And all the time it was you!"

But when Truman began work with Guinness on "Lavender Hill Mob," he noticed that the gardener had gone and in his place stood the larcenous bank clerk. "It was unbelievable, almost magic," Truman said. "It couldn't have been the same man. It couldn't have been



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The shy leader of the Lavender Hill Mob.

Alec." Indeed, it wasn't Alec. It *was* the bank clerk.

Not many people know Guinness well. He possesses the normal British desire for privacy, but he possesses it to a point where it is a mania. Sir Michael Balcon, boss of Guinness' studio, has never been inside his home.

One time, after his popularity became so great that magazines began clamoring for home pictures, he consented unwillingly. The photographers duly arrived and started to pose the actor. The roof of the house obligingly fell in before they had one picture.

For a long time afterward, Guinness refused to have anything more to do with the project. "It was Providence," he said. "Don't let's tempt Fate again."

Guinness spends a lot of time rambling through London. He watches the gestures of people on the street, or listens to the inflections of passers-by. He goes quietly into alleys to memorize tiny, living details which will later emerge, if only for a fraction of a second, in one of his roles. Sometimes he strolls down to the Thames. This, with the boats puffing up and down and the Queen's swans gliding by, is his favorite spot for memorizing the lines of a new film or play.

IF LITTLE IS KNOWN about this celebrity now, much less is known about his beginnings—and he won't tell. We know he was born in London in 1914—and that's about all. He does not list either parent in Who's Who. Of his early days he says only one thing: "My success, such as it is, is all due to lack of food and severe disappointments."

But even as a schoolboy, the acting bug hit him. He tried out for a part in a school play, but was abruptly dismissed by his teacher: "You wouldn't be any good at acting, Guinness!" It was his first severe disappointment. However, another teacher, impressed with his readings of Dickens, gave him a messenger's part in a school production of Macbeth.

Shakespeare's stage direction for Guinness' part read simply: "Enter Messenger," but Guinness, with his meticulous attention to detail, knew the messenger was in a hurry and should arrive breathless. Guinness ran six times around the school field, timed his stage entrance to the precise second, and came onstage panting heavily.

On graduating from school, he got a job in an advertising agency, but soon quit. Seeking work in the theatre, he decided to ask help from

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the best actor he had ever seen—John Gielgud.

Guinness phoned him, a gesture a little more insane than a chorus girl's phoning Louis B. Mayer. But it worked. Gielgud advised him to get instruction. He suggested Martita Hunt, the actress-teacher, and she took him on at reduced rates. But not for long.

"You have absolutely no talent," she said. "Don't waste your time."

He went on to another school, lived in an attic, ate beans and bread, and drank weak tea. On his graduation, he again called Gielgud. The noted actor suggested several parts, and Guinness tried for them. He got nowhere.

Then, he did the unusual. Instead of applying at a stage door where he noticed a new play was opening, he applied at the box office. The startled attendant began sputtering when a man standing in the lobby asked Guinness why, as an actor, he had come asking for work at the box office.

"Because I can't get work at the stage door," Guinness replied calmly.

"I see," said the stranger. "Tell me, are you a good actor?"

"Extremely," said Guinness.

As it turned out, the stranger was the producer of the play, and he gave Guinness a part in it because such ingenuity, he felt, should not go unrewarded. In it, Guinness played—prophetically—a Chinese coolie in Act I, a French pirate in Act II, and a British sailor in Act III. The virtuoso was being born.

Later that year, he played his first animal role—that of the wolf. He was one of the animal-actors in an offering called "Noah" and it was here that he noticed a young girl named Merula Salaman who was playing the Tiger. It took Guin-

In his prize-winning role of the psychiatrist in T. S. Eliot's "The Cocktail Party."

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ness two years to get engaged to her and two more—until 1938—to marry her, but he did it. Today, the Tiger has left the stage jungle and is the mother of Guinness' only child, twelve-year-old Matthew, and it is she who runs the house whose roof fell in, writing children's books on the side.

In 1941, Guinness enlisted in the Royal Navy, and while there, wrote a screen adaptation of Dickens' *Great Expectations*. He thus pulled another Guinness: he wrote, not acted his way into films because when his adaptation was used, he naturally got the part he wanted, that of Herbert Pocket, opposite the Miss Havisham of Martita Hunt, the former teacher who once told him he couldn't act. His part was acclaimed, and through it he got the role of Fagin in the controversial film "Oliver Twist."

But Guinness' star did not really begin to sparkle until the next year, when he did "Kind Hearts and Coronets." Suddenly he found himself one of the most celebrated actors in England. When the film was released internationally in 1949, he became a world-wide celebrity. Since then he has made one film a year, steadily building up his name —and his box-office rating—to its present eminence.

His success in films gave him both money and an opportunity to produce his own "Hamlet" in 1951. He worked like a methodical fiend on it, supervising every detail. It was hailed in advance as the event of the season. Event it may have been; flop it certainly was. Not in many years had the London drama critics leaped with such ferocity on an actor.

But the reaction didn't bother Guinness. "The critics are wrong," he announced after the play closed. "The critics want Hamlet sweet, gentle and romantic. Well, he isn't. Hamlet is sick, cruel and embittered. I've known the play by heart for 17 years, and I think my interpretation was right."

There is, however, no record of Guinness having disagreed with the New York critics who, earlier, had pronounced his performance in the

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American production of "The Cocktail Party" the year's best. After this triumph, he was deluged with Hollywood offers. One agent came to him, contract trembling in his outstretched hand.

"What's the part?" Guinness inquired.

"Part?" said the agent. "Oh!" he paused. "I guess we don't know yet. But we want you. The Coast will pick the part."

Guinness declined with thanks.

Guinness returned to the London stage, this time to take up his second animal role—that of the ant—in "Under the Sycamore Tree," written by the American man-and-wife playwright team, Sam and Bella Spewack.

In this fantasy, Guinness played the leader of an ant colony which manages to solve all human problems. Described so briefly, the play sounds preposterous, and perhaps without Guinness it might have been. However, it was successful and, though the Spewacks wanted to bring it to New York, they changed their minds when Guinness told them he couldn't play it in the U. S.

After the success of "The Promoter," Guinness' studio, like all studios, began a wild search to find another elfin comedy, but he put his foot down. "I've had enough comedy," he said firmly. "I want to do something straight."

"Not 'Hamlet'!" one despairing official gasped.

"No, not 'Hamlet'," Guinness said. "I want to do the life of Mahatma Gandhi."

Again, the Guinness intuition was correct. He had known that the Gandhi suggestion would so terrify the studio executives that they would do everything they could to find a straight role for him to play—any straight role at all so long as it wasn't Gandhi.

And so he went to Malta, the British island in the Mediterranean to play a straight role as a World War II flyer in "The Malta Story." In the original version, the writer had Guinness win a local girl at the film's end. But Guinness changed that. In the revised script, he does

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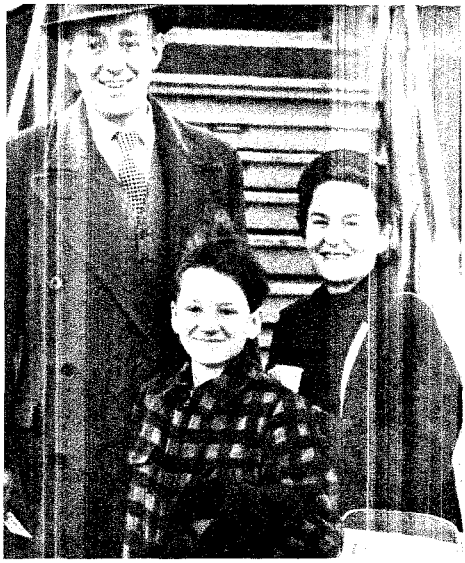

Three Guinnesses, only one of which is Alec, embarking on a vacation cruise.

wind up in the girl's arms at the film's climax. But he dies there. Death before girls, apparently.

When he is home, Guinness putters around his slowly collapsing house in London's St. Peter's Square. A few blocks away lies a rich and fashionable district where Guinness could easily afford to live, but this is a pretense he sees no need of bothering with.

During the filming of "The Promoter" he noticed that his son seemed to be taking keen interest in the picture, and discovered that the boy had a bad case of stage-hunger. In order to satisfy it, Guinness wrote in a small part for the boy, so for all the period of the shooting, father and son, actors both, went out to Ealing Studio together.

The Guinnesses lead a quiet life. Mrs. Guinness does the family overseeing when she is not doing her books. They seldom go out, but occasionally have a few guests in for dinner.

One recent guest was Marlene Dietrich, and she was invited after she told Guinness on meeting him that she admired his acting technique. Since Dietrich has one of the most adroit histrionic techniques visible anywhere, Guinness broke down and invited her to discuss the stage with him, even though she was a woman and a pretty one at that. The two old troupers kept it up until 4 A.M.

Figures of film grosses are notoriously suspect, but it is safe to say that Guinness' last three films, which cost about $1,200,000 to make, will earn in this country alone about $5,000,000. Not all of that will return to England, but even so, the figure puts Guinness as a dollar earner right up there with Harris Tweeds.

What his plans are after the completion of "The Malta Story" are uncertain. He has long wanted to play the role of a clown, feeling that the tragic-comic anonymity of the universal clown is particularly suited to both his talent and his desire for privacy.

On the other hand, some colleagues feel that since as an actor, he has so far conquered both the human and the animal world, he may be eyeing a third challenge: the vegetable world. He may want to play a wistful carrot, or perhaps a foxy rutabaga.

Some people can remember one of his lines in the film where he played the garden editor. Faced with a difficult situation, Guinness muttered ominously, "Sometimes I like vegetables better than people!"

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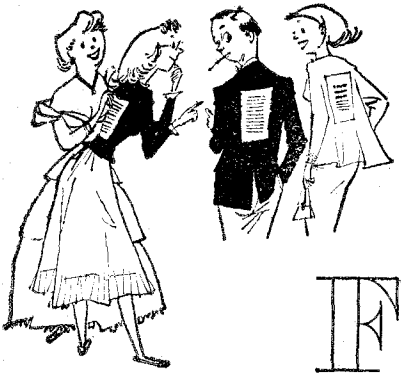
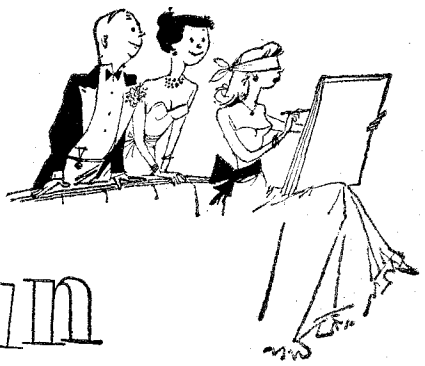
Game Book





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DISAPPEARANCE

HOW SHARP are your powers of concentration? Send one player out of the room, telling him that you're going to hide one object and that it will be up to him to discover it. Let him take a good look around before he leaves. Another way to play is to ask him on his return, "What has changed since you left?" While he was out, players could have changed positions, postures, lights could have been turned on or off, and the like. A simple game, but one that all will enjoy.

LINKED LETTERS

GIVE EACH PLAYER a pencil and paper and ask him to list the letters of the alphabet down the center of the sheet. Then someone picks a letter for the group to work with—say "c." The object of the game is to make up a meaningful pair of words for each letter of the alphabet. For example, working with "c":

Central **A** America
color **B** blind
Calvin **C** Coolidge
common **D** denominator
Cambridge **E** England
chock **F** full
and so on through the alphabet.

Score 2 points for proper names and geographical locations; 5 points for a word phrase (like chock-full). To make the game more competitive, score 10 points extra for the player who gets the most word pairs, and another 10 points extra to the player who finishes all letters first.

THE COMMON DELUSION

ONE PLAYER is sent out of the room and the rest decide upon a delusion they will all be under when he returns. When the outsider returns, he begins to question each player. The player must answer with the common delusion in mind —for example, as if he were the person sitting on his left. Other delusions the group might be suffering under could be: they are all a famous character in history (Napoleon or Cleopatra), or in literature (Oliver Twist or Tom Sawyer). They may all think that they are performing a certain activity (dusting furniture or picking cherries) or that they feel a certain way (hot or very cold). It will be the job of the outsider to guess the kind of delusion and then what it is. Set a time limit of ten or fifteen minutes.

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SNAPPING WORDS

PLAYERS SIT in a circle and set up a 1-2-3 rhythm by slapping their knees twice with hands and snapping fingers on the third count. The object of the game is to complete a sentence, each player saying one word at a time. After the beat is established, the first player says a word at the moment he snaps his fingers. Keeping up the rhythm, the second player says another word, when fingers are ready to be snapped again and so on around the circle until everyone has said a word and a sentence has been completed. To make it more difficult, words spoken can be required to begin with the last letter of the word previously spoken. Also, a letter can be chosen by the group and all words spoken required to begin with this letter. Score two points against anyone who falters, and begin again.

NO, HE'S NOT

HERE IS a variation of the popular game of Twenty Questions that will keep everyone on his toes. One player is chosen and he announces, "I'm thinking of a famous person and his name begins with E." Then the other players question him, one at a time, in the manner designated at the right. The questioning continues until the answering player cannot think of an answer embodying an appropriate name beginning with the chosen letter. He must then answer a direct question, like: "Is it a woman?" or "Did this person live before 1900?" The answer will narrow the search and soon the correct name will be guessed. Set a limit of 20 questions, or a time-limit of 10 minutes. Award 10 points to the one who gets the answer, or 10 points to the answerer if no one guesses correctly.

Q. Is he a famous inventor?

A. No, he is not Edison.

Q. Is he a famous mathematician?

A. No, he is not Einstein.

Q. Is he a famous English Duke?

A. No, he is not Edward.

Q. Is he an American writer?

A. No, he is not Emerson.

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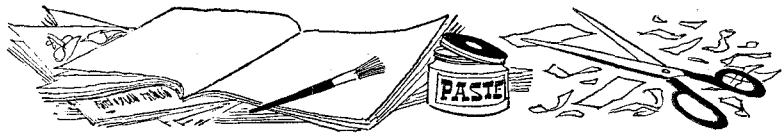
THE HARDEST SENTENCE

WITH EACH WORD beginning with a different letter of the alphabet, write a 26-word sentence in alphabetical order. Here's how one would look: Although bears can do even far greater, heavier, inelegant jobs, kangaroos, lions, monkeys never offend patrons, quarrel ravenously, seem terribly, utterly vicious when x——your zoo.

PICTURE AND PASTE



PILE some assorted picture magazines, scissors and paste on a table. Players are asked to cut out a picture and then find some caption to fit it. The idea, of course, is to make a funny or startling combination. For example, you might find a picture of a sad-looking dog, then cut a Coke bottle from an ad and paste it down so that it looks as if the dog were drinking. The caption can read: "The Pause That Refreshes!" Another way in which contestants can make use of these materials is to make a *montage* or combination of several pictures. Let everyone work by himself so that others can't see what is being created—then exhibit the finished products and ask each player to match the masterpiece to the genius who made it.

HIDE AND HUNT

ASSIGN a different 10-letter word to each of the players and tell them that they must find the component letters of their word, which have been placed on separate pieces of paper and hidden in various places around the living room. Everyone starts searching at the same time, so it becomes a race to see who finds his words first.

RESPONSE

ONE PERSON makes a list of 10 words — nouns, verbs, adjectives, any part of speech. He reads the list slowly, and as each word is read, the other players in the group print their first one-word response, each making his own list. All the response lists are collected by one of the players, and he reads them off. Then everyone must guess which list of response words belongs to which person. Score 3 points for each correct matching. The fun of the game is to see how differently, and perhaps peculiarly, your friends respond to the same stimuli.

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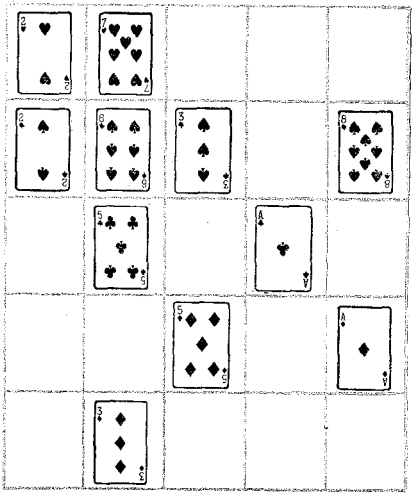
New Card Game

"Poker solitaire" is always popular. Any number can play, but each must have a deck of cards. The idea is to place cards in a square, five down and five across, trying to build everything up to a royal flush. Players take turns at dealing. The dealer pulls the first card from his deck and announces what he has drawn. The others pull the same card from their own decks and place it anywhere in their frame. A second card is drawn, players follow suit, and so on. There is one restriction: after the first card, each of the following cards must be placed so that it touches a corner of a card previously drawn.



Forbidden Letter

A B C D E G H J K L M N Q S T U W Y Z

Any letter of the alphabet is chosen and one person assigned to act as a District Attorney. He begins to question the group, one by one, asking any question he chooses, and they must answer quickly and truthfully to the best of their knowledge—but without using any word that contains the forbidden letter. If they do, they are disqualified, and the game continues with the remaining players. A different letter and a different D.A. can be used each round. Choosing a particular "crime," or subject, to prosecute may help the D.A. frame questions.

Hurdy-Gurdy

Here's a simple and informal word game that can be played for hours after the dinner dishes have been cleared away. All you have to do is think of two words which rhyme, have the same number of syllables, and are meaningful when placed together. Then you say, "I'm thinking of an animal that should go on a diet—one syllable." The answer is, of course, a *fat cat.* A three-syllable "careless troop" is a *negligent regiment.* A "prolific amphibian" is a *fertile turtle,* and "musical crustacean" is a *bopster lobster.* It's fun to think up definitions that are both succinct and clever and that don't give away the rhymes, and even more fun to use names of people present, as in a two-syllable "gluey Michael"—*a sticky Mickey.*

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SQUARES

EACH PARTICIPANT, equipped with pencil and paper, proceeds to draw a square containing 25 boxes, as illustrated. One of the players starts by calling out a letter which he, along with each of the other players, may place in any square he chooses. Then, one at a time, each player takes a turn at calling out a letter; these are similarly placed somewhere in the diagram. The trick is to form as many 3, 4, or 5 letter words as possible, across or down—until everyone is stuck. Scoring: 10 points for 5-letter words, 5 points for 3-letter words, 1 point for two-letter words. Changes and erasures should not be allowed.

C	R	A	S	H
L	O	O	S	E
O	T	R	X	R
U	O	T	X	O
D	R	A	I	N

CATEGORIES

THIS word game par exellence requires pencil and paper. Make a box and divide it into rectangles, so that you have about five or six headings on the top horizontal and room for five or six letters along the left-hand vertical. Write in the headings at top any categories or classifications that the group decides on — flowers, birds, famous women, athletes, parts of the body, books, etc. Down the left vertical, write your first name or a five-letter word — any word. The idea of the game is to fill in words under each category, words which begin with the letters in the lefthand column (see illustration).

	Flowers	Tools	Companies	Composers	Movies
W	Water Lily	wrench	Western Union	Wagner	
O	Orchid	oar		Offenbach	
R				Rogers	Red River
D	Daffodil	drill		Debussy	
S		sander	Studebaker	Sibelius	Shane

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Competing Ghosts

This version of "Ghost" is designed to make the game more exciting by dividing players into two teams. The first player on one team starts by calling the first letter of a word. The first player on the opposing team adds a letter (having his own word in mind). It goes back and forth until a word is completed. When this happens, the player who completed the word drops out and the game starts again. First team to have all its members eliminated loses. Before giving his letter, a player can always challenge the one who went before. If the challenged can't give a word, he's out. If he can, the challenger is out. If you finish a word, you're out, even if you had a longer word in mind.

Last to First

Someone says a sentence or asks a question. The next player must give a response, starting with a word rhyming with the last word of the previously spoken statement:

1st player: "Where is Bob?"

2nd player: "Job hunting, I guess."

3rd player: "Bess, you is my woman now . . . "

Player who falters has a point scored against him.

Streamer

Players are divided into couples and each couple is provided with a pair of scissors and an 8 or 10 feet long paper streamer that is about one inch wide. One member of the couple holds one end of the streamer, and at the word "go," the other player starts to cut through. Two couples race against each other and the one that first reaches the ¾-mark on the paper wins. They, in turn, race the winner of another preliminary. Any contestant who cuts through the edge of the streamer is disqualified. And instead of having players hold the paper, they can pin streamers to a door, sofa, or tack them on the wall.

Opposites

No matter what you are told, you must do the opposite. There are four players, each of whom takes hold of a corner of a scarf with one hand. A fifth player says, "Hold on!" Any player who does not let go is eliminated. If the order is "Let go!" those who don't continue to hold on will be out. The last one out is the winner.

Words and Action

Someone makes a motion, performs a stunt, or says a word or sentence. The next person imitates this, and then adds a motion, stunt, or sentence of his own. So it goes around the circle until one player drops out because he can't repeat the entire sequence.

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A LIVELY GAME

THIS TAKES a little preparation, but is well worth the effort. Make two large charts, each containing 100 numbers (cut numbers from large wall calendars, magazines, etc.). Each chart should have the same numbers, but they should be in different positions. The same number can be used more than once on a chart, but numbers should be well mixed. Hang the charts at one end of the room and line up your guests in two teams at the other end. The first player on each team is given a black crayon, and when the host calls a number, he runs up to the chart, circles the number, and races back to his team. Host calls another number as soon as first player returns to give his crayon to the next man on his team, and the race continues relay fashion. The goal is for a team to be the first to cross out all the numbers.

PIE-PAN STUNT

TWO PLAYERS sit cross-legged on the floor, facing each other. Each balances an empty pie-pan on the top of his head. Then, as the other guests cheer from the sidelines, each tries to lift 15 marbles out from a center bowl, into the pan on his head; if a player misses or the pan slips, he must start over again.

HUNTING PARTY

DIVIDE GUESTS into two hunting parties and prepare for each a different series of clues leading to the same destination—a "Hidden Treasure" or "Surprise Package." The first clue might be a map, directing a team to the location of the second clue: a note taped to the back of a flower vase and reading "Time waits for no one." This will send one of the teams scurrying to an alarm clock for the third clue: a cryptic message of scrambled words and letters which reads "under living-room ashtray" when deciphered. Here is found a short, homemade crossword puzzle which is worked out to read, "top drawer, bedroom desk." You can make up as many clues as you like.

AN INFORMAL GAME

PLACE an empty coffee can in the center of the room, divide your guests into two teams, and have each stand on either side of the can so that they are all about the same distance away—say 8 or 10 feet. Now, give each team a different colored deck of cards and, at a signal, ask them to start flipping the cards into the can. Players flip cards one at a time, are not allowed to lean forward. Score according to the regular face value of the card that stays in can.

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A Starter

HERE IS an ice-breaker that will help your guests to get acquainted. As each one arrives, pin on his or her back a slip of paper bearing the name of a famous person. Everyone at the party is allowed to see every slip—except his own. Each guest must try to guess who he is by asking questions of the other guests; only "yes" or "no" answers are allowed. Players ask one question of each fellow guest and answer one in return until each discovers who he is supposed to be.

A Quiet Game

"CONSEQUENCES" is an old favorite, always popular. Each guest gets a long sheet of paper and is asked to write down specified information in answer to given questions. Each time he writes down a piece of the required data, he folds his paper so as to cover what he has written, and passes his sheet to the player at his right, who answers the next question. Here's what the host asks each guest to write:

1. an adjective describing someone's appearance (fold, pass)
2. the name of a girl (preferably one that everyone knows) (fold, pass)
3. the word "met" and another descriptive adjective (fold, pass)
4. the name of a man (whom everyone knows) (fold, pass)
5. where they met (fold, pass)
6. the circumstances which brought them together (fold, pass)
7. when they met (fold, pass)
8. what he said to her (fold, pass)
9. what she said to him (fold, pass)
10. what he did (fold, pass)
11. the consequences (fold, pass)
12. what the neighbors said

After all answers are completed, the papers are unfolded and each guest reads one of the "How They Met" stories. Since players have written in information without knowing what had been written before, you can imagine how amusingly absurd the results will be.

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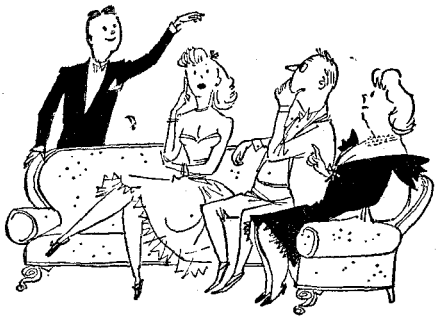
MANNER OF SPEAKING

ONE PLAYER is sent to another room and the group decides on the *manner* in which they will answer the questions he asks on his return. They may decide to answer "merrily" or "angrily"—"slowly" or "indistinctly." The job of the outsider is to find out what manner is being used. Besides asking players to talk or sing in the specified manner, the outsider may request a guest to perform some activity in that manner. Set a time limit on the questioner.

DRAWING IN THE DARK

GIVE EACH GUEST a pencil and piece of paper, turn out the lights, and ask them to draw a picture of a ship. As soon as they are finished, they will expect the lights to be turned on—but it's not as easy as that. Now ask them to draw a flag on the ship, make water and clouds, and then write the name of the ship on its bow. Have each guest sign his name on the back of his drawing, then collect them and let your guests try to guess who drew each and choose which is best.

SPIN A STORY



SOMEONE announces that he has a secret word and that he is going to tell a story or deliver a speech in which the word will be used several times, but in such a manner that it will be difficult for the other players to discover which word he has in mind. He continues his yarn until someone guesses the word. He can instead use an unusual sentence, like "Switzerland is a threat to world peace." He need only say a sentence once. His score equals the number of minutes it takes the others to guess the word multiplied by the number of times it was repeated.

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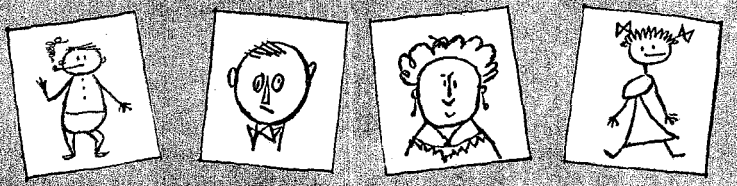
SITUATION

"WHAT WOULD you do if" is always an intriguing question. Let each guest write down one such "suppose" situation. These are collected and read off by the host, who leaves a few minutes after each one for the group to tell what they would do. Here are some examples: "What would you do if you were given the power of enormous physical strength for a 24-hour period?—or of invisibility? What person would you like to be in history? If you could be reincarnated, what would you like to be? If you were called up by a quiz program and asked to listen to the $1,000 tune, and you suddenly noticed your house was on fire (or your bathtub had overflowed), what would you do? What would you do if an alarm clock you had in your pocketbook suddenly went off in church and you couldn't stop it?"



PORTRAIT

EACH PLAYER is given a sheet of paper and asked to write his name on one side. The sheets are collected and redistributed so that everyone has another player's name. Now each player draws a portrait of the person whose name appears on the paper and signs his name on the back. These are exhibited, one by one, and the guests try to guess who drew the portrait and whom the portrait is of.

WORDS AND PICTURES

A LONG SHEET of paper and a pencil is given to each player. At the top of the paper, everyone starts writing a title or phrase. Then they pass it along to their right-hand neighbor, whose job it is to draw some small picture or doodle illustrating the title handed to them. After they have finished their picture, which is drawn under the title, they fold down the first title and pass the paper to the person on their right again. This time, only the drawing is showing and everyone must write a title or caption for the drawing. Again the paper is folded down so that only the last entry appears, and is passed right. Each sheet with the pictures and titles goes around the circle until there is no room left on the paper. The fun of the game is to see how the final picture or title has strayed from the original or starting entry.

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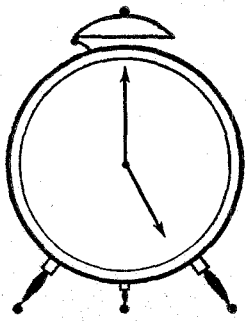
TICK-TOCK



THIS IS a charming, quiet game to use after a strenuous activity. All you need is an alarm clock that ticks rather loudly. Send all children out of room and hide clock under sofa, in a drawer, etc. Children come back, tiptoe around the room, and search for the clock with their ears (no hands allowed). When one child thinks he hears the clock, he points to the area where it's hidden. If he's right, he gets the privilege of hiding the clock next.

SLEEPING BEAUTY

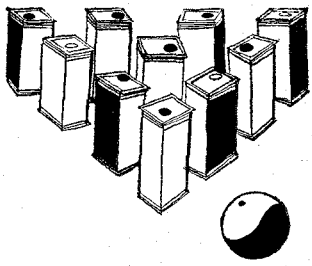
THE "BEAUTY" is blindfolded and seated at one end of the room with an empty chair at her side. Now all the children tiptoe up to her, their goal to sit in the chair. If Beauty hears them before they reach the chair, she groans and says, "I don't want to be awakened." Player who is heard must sit down where he is. If one child reaches the chair without Beauty hearing him, he becomes "Beauty."

HIDE AND HUM

CAMOUFLAGE a clothespin, coin, button or some other small object in the room where it is in sight. Then have children come in and look for it—explain that they don't have to turn anything upside down because the object is out in the open where anyone can see it. When one of the children sees the object, he is to say nothing, merely sitting down and beginning to hum or sing. Everyone who sees it does this until all are seated. First player to discover the object hides it next.

MILKPINS

AN ENTERTAINING bowling game for children can be made by using empty milk containers for pins. Save ten cartons, paint them in varied colors, and set them up in standard bowling formation. Kids roll a rubber ball or one made of rolled socks. Improvise a scoring system and award winner a prize.



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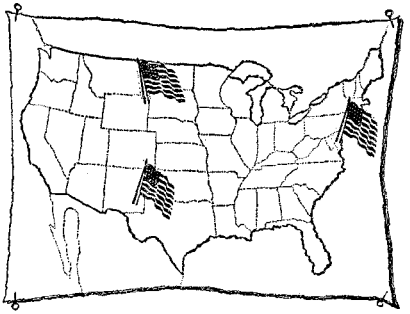
Pin Party

Children always love games like *Pin the Donkey's Tail*. A pleasant and instructive variation of this favorite is to hang up a map of the United States or of the world. Instead of a tail, use an American flag, blindfold the children, and ask them to pin it on Washington, D.C. One who comes nearest wins, and can pick the next location to aim at—any city, state or country.



Listen

Children sit in circle with "It" in center and blindfolded. Someone makes a sound and "It" must guess who made it. If he is right, the person who made the sound takes his place in the center of the circle and keeps guessing until he discovers who makes the next sound.

I Went to the Zoo

Children sit in a circle, the first player saying "I went to the zoo and saw a zebra." Then the next says, "I went to the zoo and saw a zebra and a giraffe." The third repeats what the first two saw and adds his own animal. So it goes around the circle until everyone but one drops out, because they forgot a word or repeated in the wrong order. To make it harder, the first player may start with a word beginning with the first letter of the alphabet, say "antelope"—the second with a "b," and so on alphabetically. Also you can change the game by saying, "I went to the grocery and bought an apple."

Letter Laughs

Spelling games for children are challenging and exciting. Line up players and ask each to spell a word beginning and ending with the letter "E" or the letter "A"—then to spell words that don't contain the letter "e" and then, words that contain neither "e" nor "a." After each round, omit another letter. Better keep a dictionary handy to settle the inevitable challenges that "there isn't any such word!"

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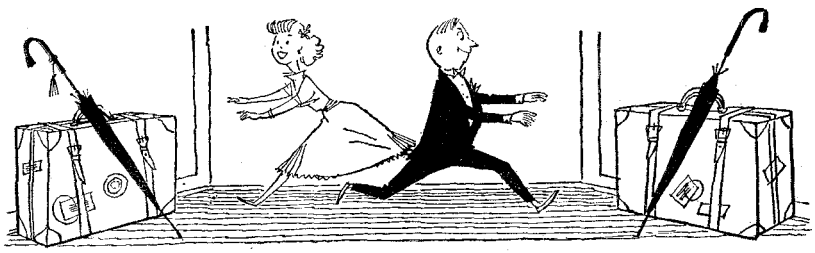
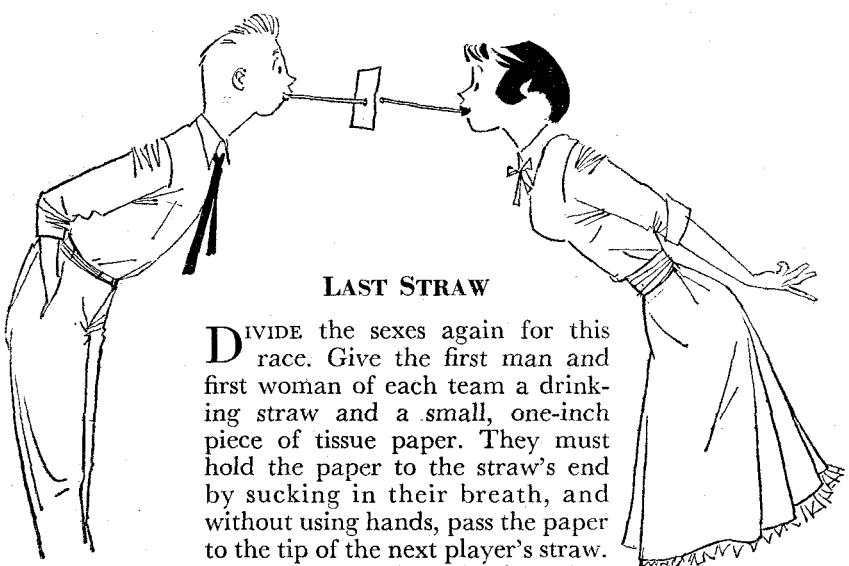
SUITCASE RACE



YOU'LL NEED two suitcases, women's clothes (preferably some oversize night gowns or garments with long skirts), and two umbrellas for this hilarious game. Line up two teams—one ladies, one gentlemen—at one end of the room, and place two chairs at the other end. Pack the clothes into the suitcases (identical items in each) and give one to the starting player of each team. At a signal, they run up to their team's chair, quickly unpack the suitcase, put on the clothes, open the umbrella, and run twice around their chair (holding the empty suitcase). Then they take off the clothes, repack them in their original order, close the umbrella, and race back to the starting line to let the next team member repeat the maddening performance.



LAST STRAW

DIVIDE the sexes again for this race. Give the first man and first woman of each team a drinking straw and a small, one-inch piece of tissue paper. They must hold the paper to the straw's end by sucking in their breath, and without using hands, pass the paper to the tip of the next player's straw. Team that completes this first without dropping the paper wins.

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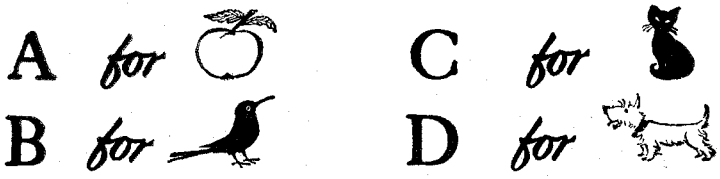
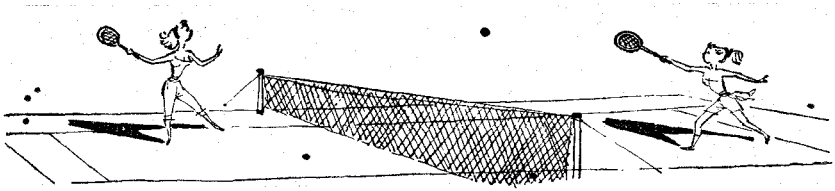
NUMBERS NIMBLE



THIS IS A GAME that really keeps children on their toes. Players form a circle, with "It" in the center. He points to someone, says "a" (or "r" or "c"—any letter), and immediately starts counting very quickly up to ten. Before he reaches the last number, the person at whom he pointed must say three words that begin with the letter mentioned. (This game has many variations: various categories such as animals, cities or vegetables may be required in advance, or player may be required to name three words *ending* with letter named.)

WOMEN'S SINGLES



EIGHT WOMEN played in a women's singles tennis tournament. They were Mrs. Sloan, Miss Dodge, Miss Griffith, Mrs. Rose, Miss Tobin, Miss Grace, Miss Wentworth and Miss Petty. Who played whom in the preliminaries, semi-finals, the finals, and who was final winner?

1. The final winner was a newcomer to tournament play, but she soon won the gallery's approval.

2. As the married women were retiring from tournament play, everyone was rooting for them and was glad to see one of them reach the finals. The other was easily defeated in the semi-finals by an old tournament antagonist.

3. Miss Tobin barely defeated her more experienced first opponent.

4. With more experience, Miss Dodge might become a winner.

5. Miss Grace failed to defend her laurels.

6. Mrs. Rose's past fame proved a mental hazard for her first opponent, but not for her second.

7. Miss Wentworth found herself completely beyond her depth.

8. Miss Petty was too overawed to play her best.

9. Miss Griffith's poor sportsmanship lost her the applause of the spectators for her victory in the preliminaries. Her opponent showed excellent promise. (For solution to problem, see next page.)

—MARGOT BANDINI

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Answers to "Women's Singles," page 109

THE WINNER of the tournament was a newcomer and the spectators liked her (1). Mrs. Rose and Mrs. Sloan are old-timers (2). It is implied that Miss Grace has been a previous winner (5). Miss Dodge (4), Miss Wentworth (7), and Miss Petty (8) were evidently defeated. Miss Griffith was unpopular (9). The final winner is Miss Tobin.

Either Mrs. Rose or Mrs. Sloan reached the finals (2), but Mrs. Rose lost to her second opponent (6). It was Mrs. Sloan who played against Miss Tobin in the finals.

Mrs. Rose was defeated in the semi-finals by an old tournament antagonist (2), obviously not the newcomer, Miss Tobin. Miss Griffith also reached the semi-finals (9) but must have been defeated, as we have determined the finalists: Mrs. Sloan and Miss Tobin. Therefore, Mrs. Rose lost to Mrs. Sloan, and Miss Griffith to Miss Tobin.

Miss Tobin defeated an experienced opponent in the first round (3). Mrs. Sloan, Mrs. Rose, and Miss Griffith all won their first matches. Miss Dodge was inexperienced (4). Miss Wentworth was outclassed (7). Miss Petty did not play well (8). Miss Tobin won from Miss Grace in the preliminaries.

Miss Griffith's first opponent showed promise (9). This sounds like Miss Dodge.

Mrs. Rose's fame was a mental hazard for her first opponent (6). This must have been Miss Petty (8).

Mrs. Sloan defeated Miss Wentworth in the preliminaries.

BALLOON BOUNCE

ONE PERSON is given an inflated balloon. While keeping it bouncing in mid-air with one hand, the player must put on and take off an overcoat, pick up twenty matches, and drink a glass of water. It is more challenging when a time limit of about two minutes is set and when the contestant is required to keep within a given area.

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I MARRIED A NORTHERNER

by MARGARET WYVILL ECCLESINE

A few months ago, an article appeared in CORONET entitled, "I Married A Southerner." As might be expected, it drew many letters and articles of rebuttal. Among the latter was this one by Margaret Wyvill Ecclesine, which gives a Southerner's views on what it is like to be married to a Yankee. Readers both North and South have now had their say.—THE EDITORS

MY HUSBAND was born above the Mason and Dixon Line. I've been married to him for almost ten years now, living most of that time on his home grounds, and I've found that when one marries a Northerner, one has to face some facts, too.

One of the things that fidgets me most about Northerners is their loathing to depart from routine, or a customary way of living. Call a Northern neighbor about 8 o'clock in the morning and say, "It's such a beautiful day, let's run down to the beach."

Chances are she will answer, "Fine. As soon as I make the beds, do the dishes and get the children dressed." She will be ready about 10:30, by which time you have lost all desire for violent exercise and would just as soon not stir.

Then there is the aversion to doing the thing that is not "proper." In the early days of my marriage I might be chatting with my mother-in-law, who is real Bostonian.

"I was washing my hair this morning when I heard a noise," I would say. "The moon was very bright and I looked all around, but couldn't see a thing."

She would look a little confused. "When were you washing your hair?"

"This morning about 4 o'clock."

She tried to conceal her expression of shock. So I explained: "I was lying there awake and just felt like washing my hair—"

No use. This kind of thing is out of order.

The Southern delight in rebelling against rules and defying custom is just not understood in the North. For example, most Northerners would appreciate a telephone call if you are going to drop by. Granted, with this system, they are seldom caught with their hair up in curlers, but it does tend to stifle the impulsiveness that is the basis of deep friendship.

Even within one's own family up here, brothers and sisters do not drop by with all their children on the spur of the moment. You see, they might interrupt dinner or a

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carefully planned, important business appointment.

Down home, if people come to call when you are at dinner, you insist that they share the meal with you, and get a kick out of fitting everybody around the table. If you are in the midst of a business deal, which may be in the form of a poker game, you introduce the caller and ask him to join you—if he fits into that category—or rely on his innate courtesy to sense that he is intruding and excuse himself. But you are glad he thought enough of you to stop by.

WE DO SAY "Miz" for "Mrs." and "you all" and a few other soft things, but we also make our contribution toward a more colorful speech. Consider the description of President Eisenhower's caddy, Cemetery. That boy's "stepping in high cotton these days," says a friend. Or a girl lying prone in a Southern hospital, encased in a plaster cast from head to toe, and saying soothingly, "Don't you worry about me, honey. I'm gonna be outta here in no time and poppin' a coat-tail with the best of 'em."

My family would think I had gone Northern or gotten "stuck up" if I came home with the broad "a's" of my husband and his family. I am proud of that touch of "South in my mouth," and will do nothing to get rid of it.

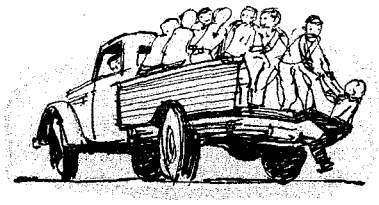
I also notice that anyone who has gone to school a year, or even visited a short time below the Mason and Dixon Line, enjoys lapsing into a drawl or dropping a Southern expression now and then.

I especially notice the difference between Northerners and Southerners at parties. If there is one thing a Southerner knows how to do, it is to relax and enjoy himself. In fact, get two Southerners together anywhere and you have a party. They may be relied upon to spread themselves around, talk to anybody within sight, start singing or say something funny.

I have been bored many an evening by Northern men talking business at a party. A Southerner is as sharp as anybody else in a deal, but he knows that this is not party talk and he will be smart enough to seek out the company of the opposite sex instead.

When it comes to parties, Southerners are in a class by themselves. I once visited a roommate of mine in San Augustine, Texas. Every day somebody gave a party. There was a badminton party, a fried-chicken party (followed by a swim in a cold, lily-padded pond), a bridge, a rodeo, a honky-tonk party (involving stops at every establishment that could be reached in the course of one night), a colt-breaking party (during which I had the wildest ride of my life), a hay ride and a pick-up party.

The pick-up party was brought about by the purchase of a new pick-up truck by my roommate's family. Nothing would do but that the children (they start driving there at the age of ten) immediately take it around town, crowd all their



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friends into the back—standing room only—and ride out to a roadside place where all were treated to "dopes" (Cokes to you) which somebody's Daddy would pay for later. I had never met people who knew how to have such a good time.

Southerners get fun out of the simplest things. They expect teasing which, after all, is a sign of interest, and prefer it to the polite restraint of Northerners who pretend not to see our faults and therefore keep us at a distance. If there is a practical joke involved, so much the better.

PERHAPS THINGS have changed, due to the seriousness of the state of the world, but when I was coming along, a person would rather be caught dead than studying. It was a matter of pride to make good marks, but one must never have to work for them.

I notice a desire among parents up here to have their children excel. They provide dancing lessons, skating lessons, dramatic coaching and other instruction unashamedly in an effort to develop their children's talent to the utmost.

There is a subtle difference in the South. Yes, a child must be able to dance, sing, play, skate and so forth, but one must give the impression that he does these things naturally. To call a Southerner ambitious is to insult him.

If a Southerner has a claim to fame, you hear about it almost immediately, but you can live next door to a Northerner for years before discovering that he is a distinguished artist, or went to school with Eisenhower. This reticence is annoying to a free and easy people who like to know their grounds without having to drag out every little morsel of interesting information.

Let a Northerner's dog get sick. The pet is rushed off to the vet. A family is going away for a visit? The cat is boarded at the kennels. Your poodle needs clipping? Have it done professionally. He is really ill? Have him "put to sleep."

Down home there is more tendency for people to take care of animals themselves. You get up 20 times in the night with your sick dog or horse. He is yours and you care enough to lavish your time and attention on him. If you go away, someone is sure to offer to take care of him for you. The bond is closer—and more emotional, perhaps—but you are not ashamed.

There is a bigger to-do about births down there, less over death. I am always a little hurt by the casual acceptance of my friends here of a new child. Most of them wait politely until you have been home from the hospital a week or so before calling. By that time the first glow and thrill of achievement have worn off and you are knee deep in household chores.

The good intention of these friends is perhaps to avoid tiring you when you are undoubtedly weak. But I would far rather have someone find me clad in a faded nightgown, taking care of the baby, than feel that nobody cared.

Down home, every relative within miles (and the families are notoriously large) comes to call when you have a baby, carrying—or "toting" (if you insist)—a present for the new little one. This is a big event and they do not mind shooting a whole afternoon with you to

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learn how you are feeling and if you had a hard time; to inspect appreciatively the other presents, especially the handmade ones, and above all to admire the new human being and speculate on whose family he resembles.

LEAVE A SOUTHERNER a thousand dollars and he will hie himself off to Europe or some other place he has a yen for, quitting his job if necessary and leaving the future to take care of itself. My husband, once confronted with such an enjoyable predicament, could think only of paying bills.

Are Northerners more cautious, less impulsive? Let's not argue. In fact, avoiding arguments seems to be the rule. In contrast, pick two people at random out of Alabama and Mississippi. They will argue at the drop of a hat, get hot-headed and say all kinds of things if provoked enough, then most likely end up great friends. Invariably, they enjoy the experience.

As for feelings of superiority, note the sincere efforts of a Northerner in the South to convince himself he is not slumming.

When it comes to food, the difference may be between country and city living, not North and South. A Southern woman will go out and kill her last chicken, ply you with homemade wine while she fries it, and bake a cake if you are willing to wait, all to prove to you that you are welcome. I have not noticed such personal effort to be hospitable here.

We have been accused of resenting Northerners who come down South, buy property, replace the crab grass with lawns and proceed to manicure the place down to the last inch. This very efficiency, which we object to in our midst, is undoubtedly responsible for the trim farms and general air of shipshapeness that pervades New England, and is probably greatly to be admired.

I bow, too, reluctantly, to the superiority of Northern hospitals, schools, state governments and churches, which I believe can be directly attributable to this quality of efficiency.

Oh, well—let the good Northerners be. I shudder to think of the state of the world and the country without them. Still, I know my heart will always leap up when someone cocks an ear after a minute or two of conversation and asks, appreciatively, "What part of the South are you from?"

Opportunity

AN INDIAN PRINCESS, on coming of age, was given a basket and told she might pick the finest ears of corn in a given row. The only condition was that she was to choose as she went along. She could not retrace her steps.

She admired the fine quality of the corn before her; and as she felt one ear after another she left them on the stalk, always thinking what better ears lay ahead. Suddenly, and to her dismay, she came to the end of the row —and she had gathered none of them. —*Pipe Dreams*

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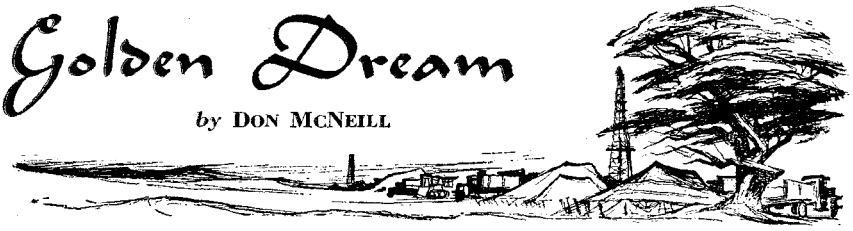
Golden Dream

by DON MCNEILL



IN 1937, the Sheik of Kuwait was following with rising disappointment the progress of an oil well being drilled just north of the Bay of Kuwait. For Kuwait, sandwiched in between Iraq and Saudi Arabia, is a barren, sparsely populated land. Only oil could make it rich.

The well had already been sunk deeper than the experts had predicted would be necessary—and not a smell of oil—when Col. H. R. P. Dickson had his strange dream. For many years a British political agent in Kuwait and a friend of the Sheik, Dickson was Arabian in spirit if not in blood; and he had found that dreams, if properly interpreted, could accurately foretell the future.

In the Colonel's dream, it seemed that he and his wife were living in an oil camp near a large *sidr* tree. A terrible windstorm came up and dug a huge hole in the sand. In the hole, the Dicksons discovered the figure of what must once have been a beautiful young woman. She slowly came to life and sat up.

"I have slept for thousands of years," the figure said, "and I am cold. Help me with warm clothes and give me something to eat."

They gave her food, and in return the woman presented them with an old copper coin. She told them she was in great danger from wicked men, who would kill her and bury her again if they knew she had come to life. Just then a crowd of shouting men appeared and seized her. Dickson rushed to her assistance, killing the leader . . .

At this point, the Colonel woke up. Excited, he rode 40 miles to tell it to an old Arab woman famous for her ability to interpret dreams.

"Your dream is full of meaning," she said to Colonel Dickson. "The woman who came to life symbolizes oil. The men who wanted to bury her again are traitors who do not want oil to be found in Kuwait. The ancient coin represents the wealth which oil will bring."

She then instructed Dickson to tell the company digging the well that there was no oil in the Bay of Kuwait. However, if they moved 35 miles south, to the Burgan Hills, they would find a *sidr* tree. "Have them dig there," the old woman said confidently.

The Colonel told his story to the Sheik of Kuwait, who persuaded the company to send an exploration crew to the Burgan Hills. There, just as the old woman had said, they found a solitary *sidr* tree.

Hard-headed company officials decided to take a chance, and began drilling right next to the tree. On that very spot, a few months later, they struck the fantastically rich oil reserves of Kuwait.

Don McNeill is Toastmaster on *The Breakfast Club*, ABC-Radio, Monday through Friday.

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Newest Weapon Against TOOTH DECAY

by JOHN L. SPRINGER

Research has come up with two effective anti-enzyme compounds for dentifrices

SCIENCE HAS OPENED a dramatic new front in the fight against one of modern man's most common enemies, tooth decay. Using new knowledge and new weapons, researchers have shown in careful tests how you may avoid cavities in your teeth more easily and effectively than ever before.

This striking advance, affecting 98 of every 100 Americans, is possible because now we can control the mysterious little enzymes which create tooth-destroying acids in the mouth. Enzymes, a medical term quite unfamiliar to the average person, are simply chemical compounds which act as speeder-uppers in the complicated reactions of the body.

After hundreds of laboratory tests, researchers at Northwestern University's Dental School in Chicago have found two formulas which prevent these enzymes from forming acid in the mouth. Either can be used in a toothpaste or mouthwash. Brush your teeth with one of these compounds only twice each day—morning and night—and experiments indicate that almost all new cavities may be prevented!

What really causes tooth decay? Experts agree that the harm usually starts when you eat concentrated fermentable sugars—cereals, pie, cake, syrups, candy and similar sweets common in the modern diet.

The instant you put these foods into your mouth, tiny, almost invisible food particles attach themselves to your teeth. Within seconds, these particles begin to ferment, and the enzymes in them create acids which penetrate the less resistant portions of the enamel, thus furnishing access to more acid. Eventually, a cavity is created.

Researchers long have believed that breaking this chain of events at any point will prevent cavities. For example, in Europe during World War II, sugars suddenly grew scarce, and the number of cavities dropped sensationally. Many African natives have never tasted concentrated sugar or refined foods: they never have a decayed tooth!

Of course, diets excluding all foods that might cause decay are impossible to follow in civilized countries. So in 1942 another alternative was suggested by Dr. Leonard S. Fosdick, professor of chemistry at Northwestern's Dental School and one of the world's outstanding authorities on dental caries.

"Brush your teeth or cleanse your mouth immediately after eating,"

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Dr. Fosdick advised, "and you can prevent the acid-making process from starting." This advice has been proved thoroughly sound in repeated clinical tests.

But to be fully effective—even with improved ingredients like ammonium ion and chlorophyll in toothpaste—this method requires that you must *always* brush your teeth after eating. This means all eating of sweets—in a restaurant, roadside stand or drugstore. To be certain of avoiding decay, most persons would have to carry a toothbrush and use it at odd places and odd times throughout the day.

Dissatisfied with these limitations, Dr. Fosdick sought another approach; instead of trying to change the public's eating habits, why not block the enzymes? He decided to search for a substance that would attach itself to the film deposited by saliva on teeth and counteract the insidious enzymes. But, although science had already found hundreds of enzyme inhibitors, his problem was to find one that would remain potent in the mouth for many hours without being washed away by saliva.

A clue to the answer came dramatically one morning in 1945. As part of their dental studies, Fosdick's students were required on occasion to measure the amount of acid content in their mouths. Naturally, they always showed the presence of a certain percentage of acid. But one day, a student turned in a negative report—no acid formation noted.

"Try again tomorrow," Fosdick told him.

Next morning, the boy reported a normal amount of acid present in his mouth. Fosdick suggested that perhaps his measurements of the previous day had not been recorded accurately, but the student—whom Fosdick knew as an excellent, thorough worker—insisted that he had been right.

Fosdick was puzzled. "Can you think of anything you ate or drank night before last," he asked, "that might account for it?"

Then, suddenly, the boy remembered that he had taken a penicillin lozenge for a cold. Perhaps that was the answer.

"We'll see," said Fosdick. "Take another lozenge tonight, and make a test in the morning." Next day, again, no acid content was found. Fosdick reasoned that in both cases, the effect of the penicillin had lasted overnight and that it had been absorbed on the coating of the student's teeth—just as a dye would be absorbed on wool.

Now, at last, he had a clear idea as to what general direction future research should take; the substance he was looking for should have the same clinging quality as penicillin, but it should probably not be anything so widely used in medicine, toward which a tolerance might be built up in the user. Even though penicillin or some other antibiotic might be effective in preventing tooth decay, Fosdick felt that if daily use reduced its effectiveness against serious diseases, then obviously it shouldn't be put into dentifrices or mouthwash.

FOSDICK ASKED chemical manufacturers to supply compounds meeting his requirements. He received hundreds and began testing. After four painstaking years, results

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showed that some *would* do exactly what he wanted them to!

Now he selected students from Northwestern's Dental School and patients from its dental clinic. He instructed them to use a toothpaste or mouthwash containing one of several effective compounds, morning and evening for six days.

On the seventh morning, they used nothing. They ate breakfast, then rinsed their mouths with a heap of sugar dissolved in water. Usually, after exposure to this amount of sugar, acid forms instantly on the teeth.

The amount of acid on the tooth surface was measured by means of a machine called an "acidometer." In person after person, the acidometer showed that the teeth held less acid than the amount most researchers agree is responsible for decay!

Now he had a way to prevent acid from forming on the tooth surface for 12 hours or longer at one time. Dr. Fosdick was clearly tracking down the ideal "enzyme-fighter." But such a compound required other characteristics: ability to remain in toothpastes or mouthwashes for years without spoiling; palatable taste; harmlessness elsewhere in the body.

Careful tests reveal that two sodium compounds with involved chemical formulae meet these added requirements. Both were integrated into dentifrices or mouthwashes in the laboratories of leading pharmaceutical manufacturers and submitted to Dr. Fosdick for clinical testing.

One, sodium N-lauroyl sarcosinate, has been tested for the past year by thousands of men and women at the University of Miami, University of Florida, Drake University, and the Meredith Publishing Company in Des Moines, Iowa.

The other, sodium dehydroacetate, is being tested currently in Chicago, where 3,000 employees of the Illinois Bell Telephone Company are taking a preparation to determine exactly how many cavities it actually prevents.

Results indicate that if you brush your teeth with an anti-enzyme product twice daily, you will prevent the formation of acid. Fosdick and his colleagues are now collecting ample clinical evidence to determine if this revolutionary advance in dental hygiene could mean the end of cavities.

Does our newly acquired ability to control enzymes affect the growing practice of adding fluoride to municipal drinking water? One expert answers: "No, for adding fluoride is probably the easiest way yet devised to cut down cavities. Automatically it strengthens the enamel of young children's teeth against decay for life.

"But since fluoride now is used only in about 650 communities, many millions of youngsters are without its benefits. It does not aid those whose teeth are *developed*, so it does not benefit those who are now teen-agers or adults. And it merely decreases the number of younger children's cavities—does not eliminate them."

Soon, an anti-enzyme dentifrice will be available at drugstores throughout the country. And Dr. Fosdick believes that future research will produce other anti-enzyme compounds which, like the two he has tested, will chart the way to final victory over tooth decay.

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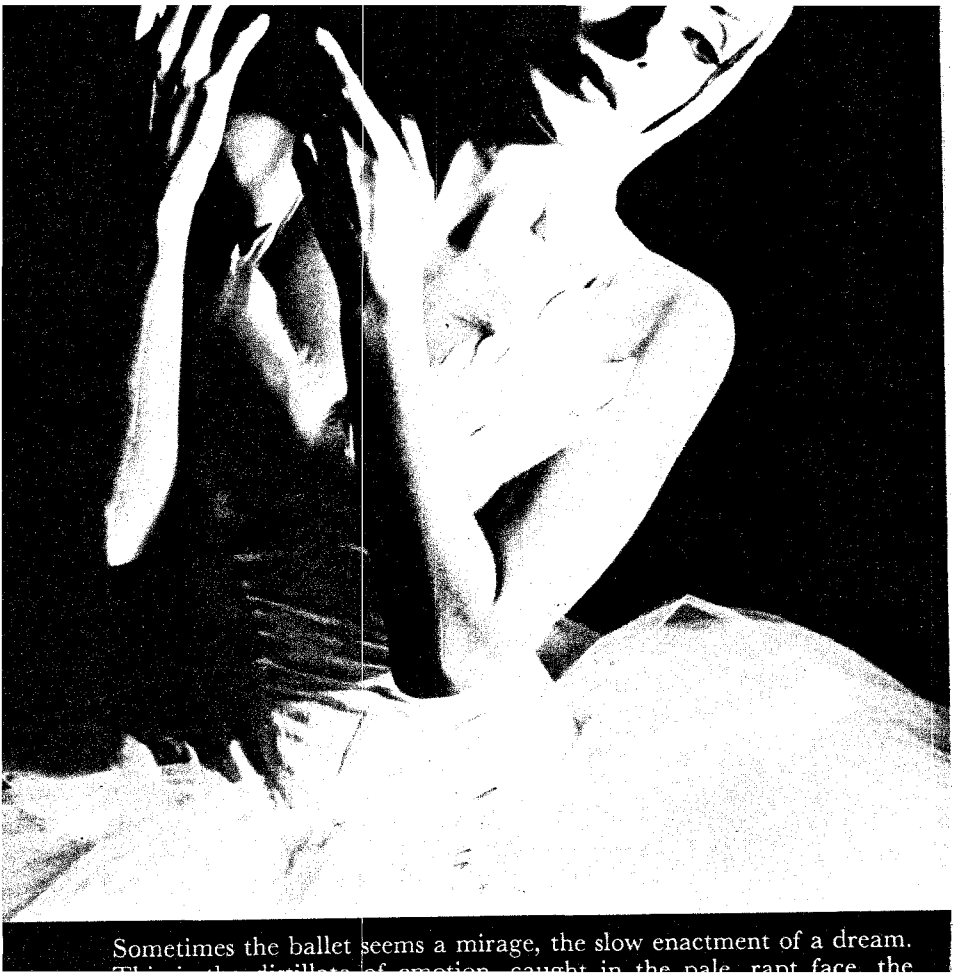

Sometimes the ballet seems a mirage, the slow enactment of a dream.

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When joy brims over, when abandon touches heights no words can reach, the dance alone is equal. Suddenly the body conquers space,

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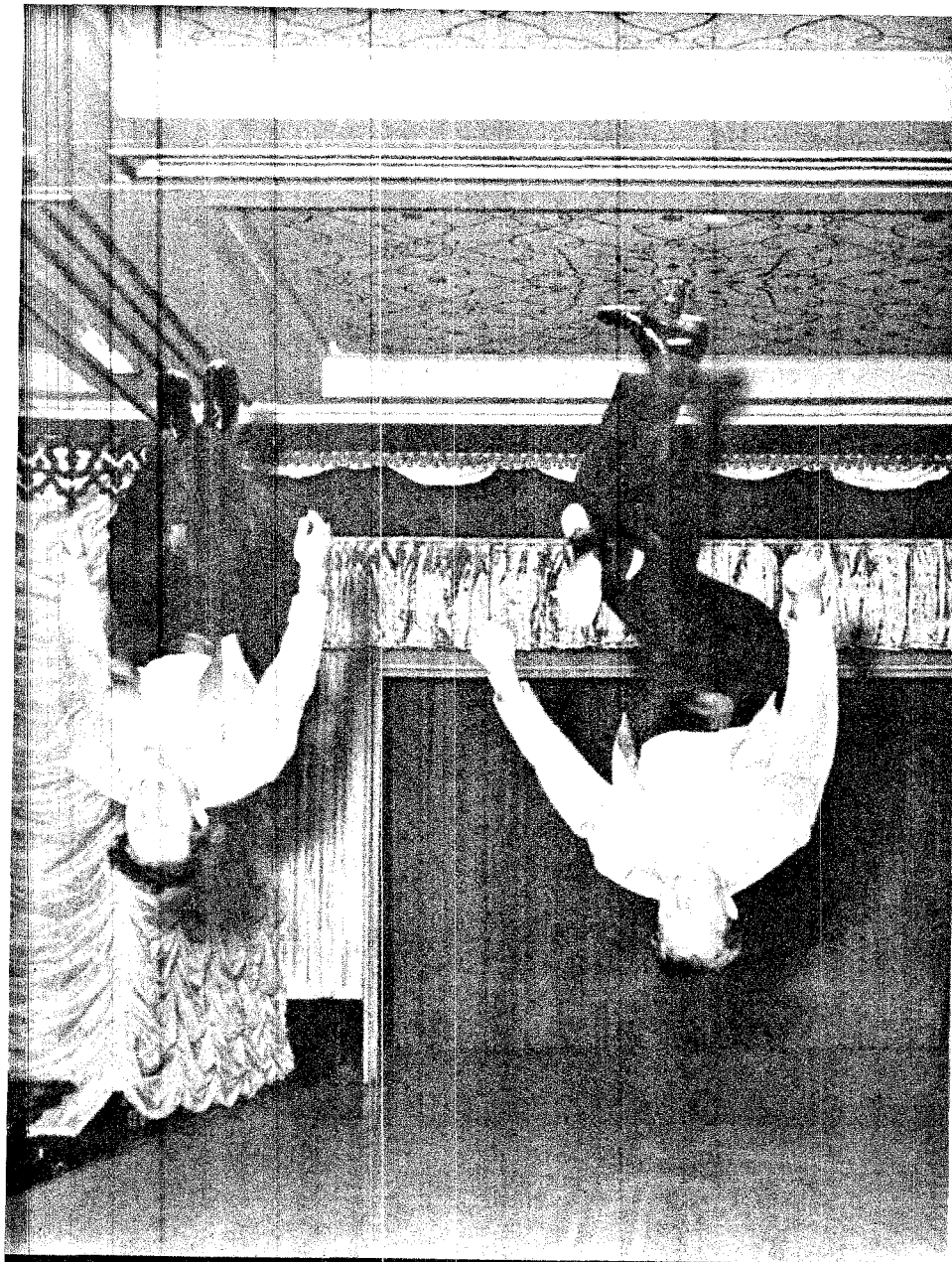

For the dance has many fascinations. If it can communicate intense emotion, bring us within the presence of things wordless and wondrous,

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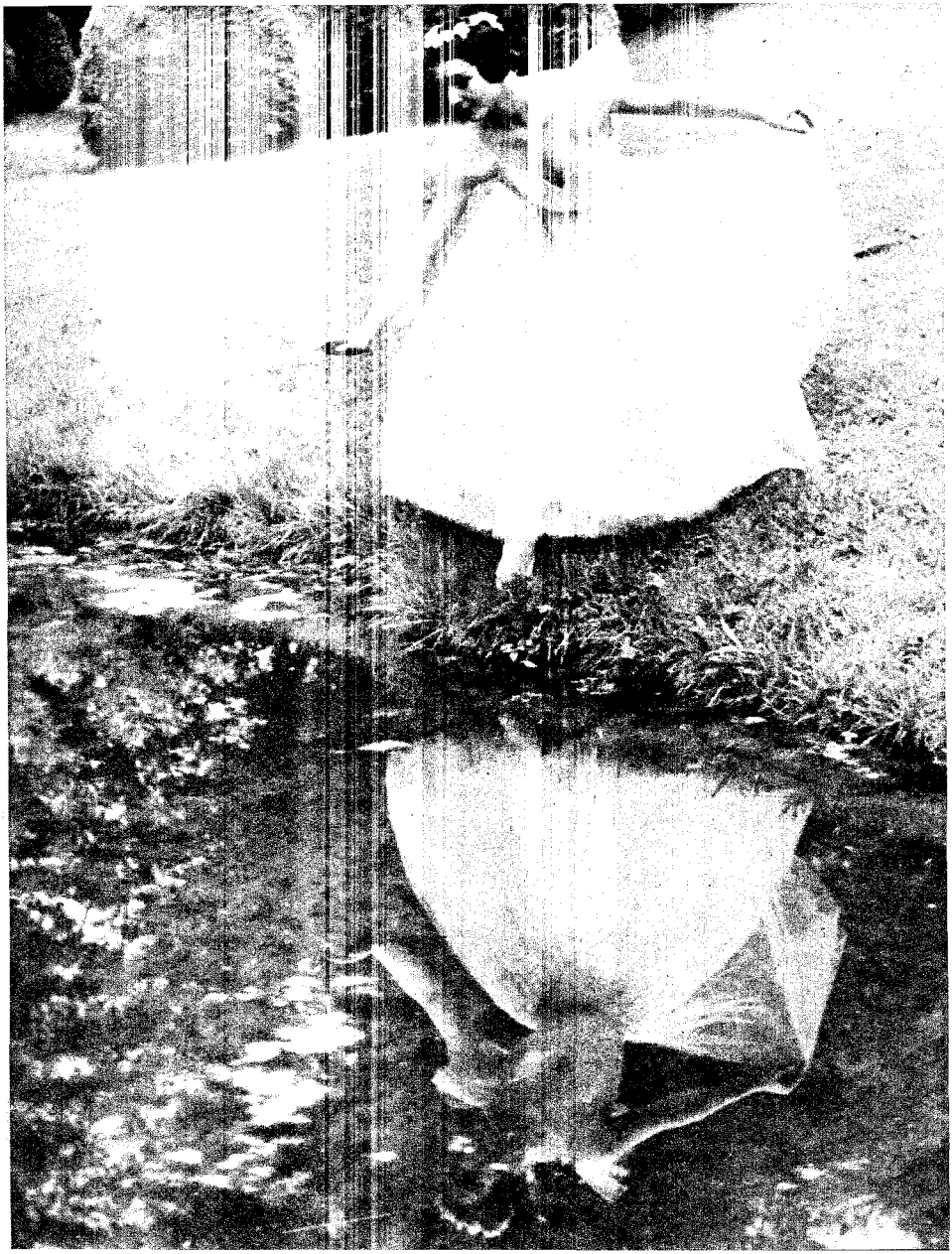

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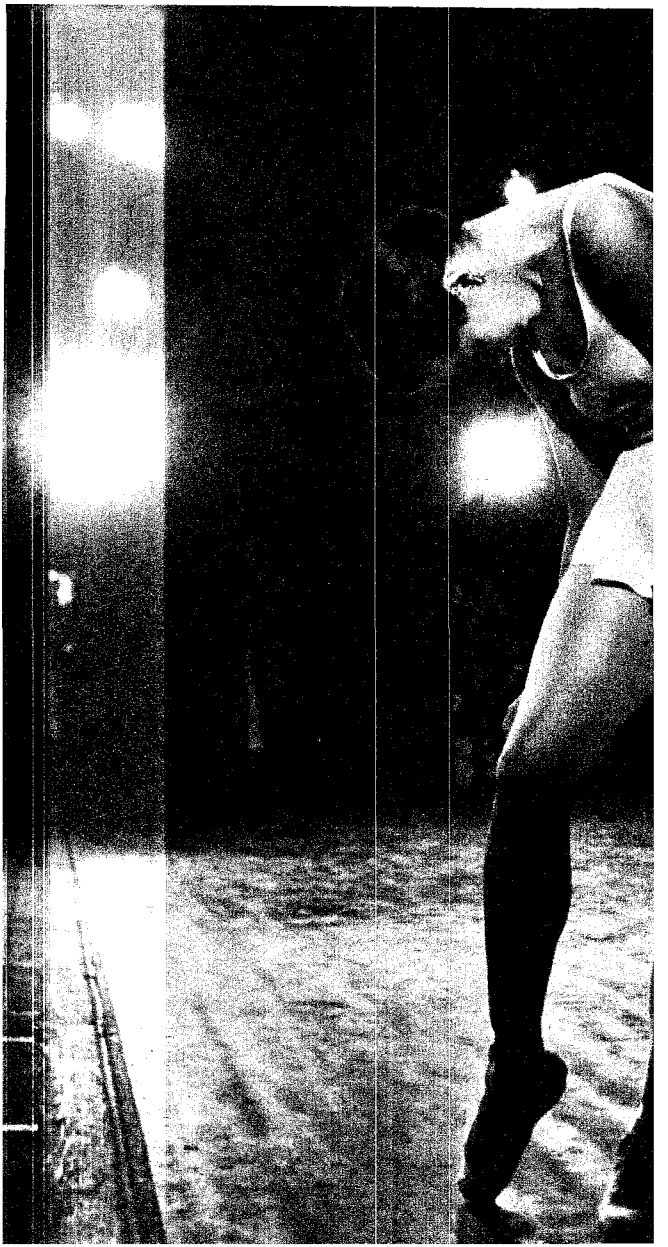

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Home Towns Profit from Empire Shows

by HOWARD TURTLE

This unusual company uses local talent to produce hit shows throughout the nation

THE HIGH-SCHOOL auditorium at Marshall, Missouri, was packed. A piano player struck up *A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight* and the stage curtains parted. A colorful spectacle of crimson, green and gold unfolded before the applauding crowd.

It was the opening scene of the home talent show, "On Stage America," sponsored by the Veterans of Foreign Wars and produced by the Empire Producing Company of Kansas City. Forty-five men and girls, singing and swaying in unison, made the hall resound with the music, "Let's all join hands and have a happy time! Let's get the show on the road!"

An old-time minstrel circle appeared at the front of the stage, with blackface men dressed in the gaudiest of silk costumes. Beside each man was an Aunt Jemima character—a blackface "woman," though the part was played by another man. The "Aunt Jemimas" wore bandana handkerchiefs and long white dresses, padded appropriately with muffin tins and blown-up balloons.

As the home-town folks recognized their neighbors, the hilarity shook the building. Screeches grew louder as the "women" carefully pulled their skirts down over their knees. Before the noise died down, a line of 20 girls, gowned in fluffy formals, began to sing *De Camp Town Races.*

As the voices rang out, the line of minstrel men waved their white gloves to the rhythm. The lively music and the fresh beauty of the girls set a gay note for the start of an uproarious show.

While "On Stage America" was being presented in Marshall, it also was being shown in 80 other towns of the U. S. and Canada. A total of 4,960 people were taking part, and a total revenue of $76,800 was being taken in. These circumstances

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make Empire the biggest home-talent show business in the world. Last year its gross income was more than $2,000,000.

Empire started with an idea in 1939 and developed into a colossus in ten years. Every Thursday and Friday night the curtain goes up on an Empire show. In each case the local performance runs on schedule, with no slip-up. In each case the audience goes home chuckling. In each case the home-town sponsoring organization loses no money.

The productions are geared to fit the schedule of busy people. In Norwood, Ohio, a lawyer told Miss Frances Cochran he didn't have time to be in the show. As director of this local Empire production, Miss Cochran asked him: "How much time do you think this is going to take?"

"Well, I'd have to attend a lot of rehearsals at night and memorize a lot of stuff."

"No, you won't," said Miss Cochran. "I'll teach you the part in 30 minutes, right here in this office, and you won't have to learn any lines at all!"

With the lawyer standing in front of his desk, Miss Cochran demonstrated the role of "Dr. I.Q." The lawyer attended dress rehearsal and came up with a fine performance opening night.

"ON STAGE AMERICA" combines a home-town talent contest with a minstrel show. At Marshall, the $25 Savings Bond talent prize was won by a truck driver, Orville (Coondog) Crawford, who excited the crowd by playing his harmonica in imitation of a coon hound on the chase. Other entries, including "The Fiddlers Three" and a high-school soprano and tenor, appeared between the minstrel acts. As it worked out, most of the town was either performing or watching relatives on stage—a highly desirable situation, as every box-office manager knows.

The philosophy behind Empire is that "everyone at heart wants to be an actor." The idea is for town people, led by civic officials, to get out on the stage and have fun. The music is the kind that everybody knows, with parodied words and a sock beat, not too tricky for the piano player. The audience always has a good time, just looking on.

Empire is virtually without competitors in the staging of complete productions by civic and fraternal organizations. Forty bookers go in advance, covering the U. S. and Canada by regions, and 180 women direct the productions.

Twelve days before a show, an Empire director arrives in town. In these 12 days she selects the cast, rehearses the chorus line of teen-age girls, works with the local piano player, handles publicity and advertising, fits the costumes which she carries in a special case, coaches the stagehands, pulls the whole thing together for a dress rehearsal, and sees to it that the curtain goes up at 8:30 o'clock, opening night.

The show is usually given on Thursday and Friday nights in each town. On Saturday, the director is traveling to her next town, where she begins work on a new show. The women, who earn substantial incomes, work 45 weeks a year.

Empire's founder and guiding head is George W. DeHaven, Jr.,

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a genial Missouri citizen, now in his early forties, who is a rare combination of a successful business man and dramatic artist.

In high school in Hammond, Indiana, and at Park College near Kansas City, he majored in journalism but gravitated to dramatics. By 1939, DeHaven had founded his own home-town company, under its present name.

The early shows were almost the opposite of the type of attraction given now. Growing out of the Chautauqua type of entertainment, the first presentation consisted of a three-act play, with a director behind the scenes to prompt the actors. Members of the cast provided their own costumes with a resulting drab appearance.

An almost incredible number of things went wrong, and DeHaven started a 14-year campaign to make his shows immune from error. In 1946, he took into the organization Miss Cochran, dramatics instructor at Stevens College, and they worked together to develop the revue type of show.

"Today," says DeHaven, "a lot of different people present brief bits, all tied into a fast-moving revue. The banker and the mayor simply learn the gags as the director tells them. We teach everything by the direct method—that way, in one lesson, a player catches the words, the gestures, the inflection, the timing, everything.

"The entertainment looks a lot more showy and much more difficult now than it did in the early days, but actually it is greatly simplified. We've brought it down to the point where nothing tragic is going to happen. The show is a cinch to be a success."

DeHaven decided that if his shows were to look professional, he would have to provide professional costumes. A difficulty was that actors in different towns were short and tall, fat and slim. Through experimentation, DeHaven and his costume staff devised ingenious arrangements on garments by which they could be made to serve (and look well), regardless of the shape of the wearer.

At his headquarters in Kansas City, DeHaven has a costume department in constant operation, providing 25,000 different pieces a year. Allowing for expected breakage, "On Stage America" this year is using 8,000 tambourines. In advance planning, the company even takes into consideration the appearance of folding chairs used on stage by the minstrel circle—and as a result, provides chair-covers in red, white and blue.

A new revue is written in the Empire offices each year, with all 43 members of the headquarters staff submitting ideas. One year the revue was called "Going Places." In it, the railroad stationmaster recalled main events in the town for the last 50 years. As he mused, skits were acted out on stage.

They recalled the time Bob Hope came to town, the time the Chinese girls were stranded by a train wreck, the big convention in which the mayor made the welcoming speech, and the dance by ten local men called "The Sultan's Sweet-

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ies." This year's show, called *Hold Everything*, is now in production.

The women who direct the shows range in age from 22 to 65. One of the most successful is a white-haired grandmother, Mrs. Augusta Munro, a former Chautauqua entertainer and manager. Another silver-haired staff member is Ila Phillips, once of the Ziegfeld Follies.

Why women directors? "Well," says DeHaven, "we used to have some men, but we found the girls have just as much showmanship, and they can get people to work better. If a girl director asks a man to move some chairs on stage, he'll do it. If a man asks, the reply might be, 'Do it yourself.' "

DeHaven keeps his shows abreast of the times by going to New York several times a year to see Broadway plays. And he flies to key cities around the country, ironing out rough spots in his organization. Several times a year, S. F. Whitney, sales manager, and Zell W. Thompson, production manager, conduct sessions for show salesmen and directors across the continent.

DeHaven has proved that when good entertainment is available, the home folks display as much interest as the throngs along Broadway. The idea is to take a good show right to Main Street, put it on in a convenient location, and then make it pay at the box office. DeHaven has made this a reality, with an accompanying financial benefit to several thousands of local organizations, who have put the profit where it will do the most good in their own communities.

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WRITE TO: *James M. Foster, Dept. 262, 488 Madison Ave., N.Y.22, N.Y.*

Mrs. J. Conway, a Coronet Representative, earned $82.50 in a single day last Christmas season.

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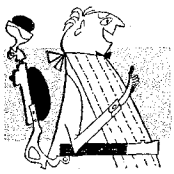

At Face Value

A MAN WALKED INTO a barber-shop, sat down in the chair and told the barber in no uncertain terms: "I just want a shave. *No* haircut, *no* singe, *no* tonic, *no* shampoo, *no* massage, *no* manicure, *just a shave!*"

"Lather?" asked the barber co-operatively. —ARTHUR GODFREY

A FOUR-YEAR-OLD had gotten a terrible sunburn and it was beginning to peel. One day his mother heard him muttering to himself as he washed his face: "Only four years old and wearing out already."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal Magazine*

ONE NICE THING about being a man is that you don't have to kiss someone who hasn't shaved for two days. —CHARLES A. KNOUSE (Lindsborg, Kansas)

BALDNESS IS the sign of a man who came out on top. —*Rx-Ray*

EVERYTHING evens up. As you have less hair to comb, you have more face to wash. —GROUCHO MARX

CRANKIEST WOMEN I know wear their hair flat and tied in a bun at the back. —JIMMY CANNON (*New York Post*)

THERE ARE NO ugly women; there are only women who do not know how to look pretty. —ANTOINE P. BERRYER

I DON'T BELIEVE in special skin foods. My skin's got to eat what the rest of me is eating. —FRED ALLEN

I SPEAK JUST ENOUGH French to get my face slapped. —BOB HOPE

TONGUE: Deadliest of all blunt instruments. —SHANNON FIFE

ONE FEMININE MYSTERY that puzzles the average husband is why they call it a "permanent" wave.

—*Wall Street Journal*

NOTHING IS SO gratifying to a wife as to see a double chin on her husband's old flame. —*Keesler News*

AT THE DINNER TABLE, my little girl was picking at her food. I urged her to eat, so she'd grow up to be big and strong.

"But, Mother," she protested. "I'd rather be pale and interesting."

—*Dixie Roto Magazine* (Times-Picayune Publishing Co., Copyright 1952)

WHY WORRY ABOUT an infant sucking his thumb? It won't dissolve, he has no teeth to bite it off with, and he can't swallow it because it's securely fastened to his hand. —*Grit* (Williamsport, Pa.)

THERE'S A BATTLE going on in every woman's purse. When her billfold says she can have dessert, her mirror says she can't.

—BERNARDINE FLYNN (NBC)

NOWADAYS women's clothes are not designed so much to make a girl look slim as they are to make a man look 'round. —EARL WILSON

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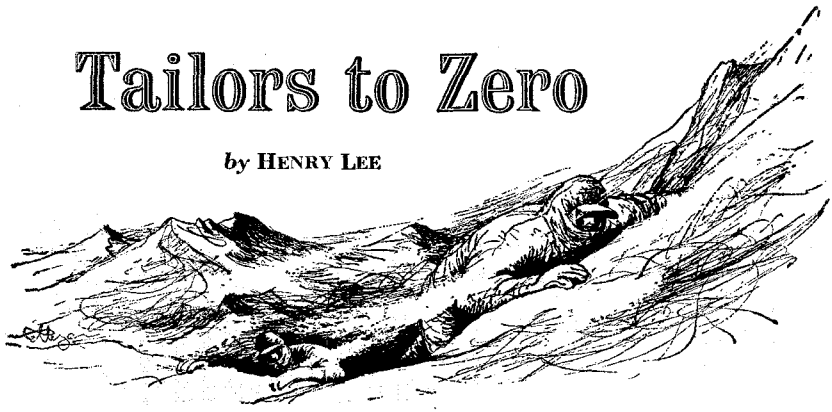
Tailors to Zero

by HENRY LEE



Two Brooklynites have perfected cold-weather clothing for the armed services

ON MOUNT WASHINGTON in New Hampshire, where the wind has been known to reach 140 miles an hour and the mercury to plummet to 25 degrees below zero, two men half trudged, half crawled toward a bleak and precipice-edged plateau well above treeline. It was shortly after sunup on a wild February day, and the elements, in furious crescendo, tore at the lonely climbers.

Occasionally wiping his fogged glasses (without them he is almost blind), tall, 200-pound Salvatore Gianola skirted 3,000-foot drops. Behind him struggled shorter, wiry Dominick Maglio.

At last they reached "The Horn," halfway up the mountain. Inside its makeshift shelter, the temperature was five below, and the fuel, water and food caches were frozen solid. It was a rough spot for a couple of textile experts from Brooklyn, New York.

"Dom fumbled around and managed to repair an electric heater, while I collected buckets of superfrozen snow to make one pan of water," Gianola recalls cheerfully. "Then he made coffee, which came out thick and *blue*, due to some freak of that awful weather. Meanwhile, I was sawing off a few sticks of evaporated cream to put in it."

"And that's the way we ate our coffee," Maglio adds triumphantly.

As unsung civilian "Technologists (Textiles)," working for the U. S. Navy, this amazing team produced revolutionary cold-weather clothing which is light, roomy, comparatively inexpensive and, most important, really *warm*—even at 40 below; and which enables men to live and fight under fantastically rugged conditions. The hottest "cold team" in the country, their work won them the prized Distinguished Civilian Service Award, highest honor the Navy can bestow on civilian employees.

To achieve all this, Gianola and Maglio started from scratch—in fact, behind scratch, because they first had to debunk the popular theories about keeping warm in Arctic regions. Then they devised laboratory experiments, and finally

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sought out the foulest weather in North America to field-test their creations.

Both practically lifelong residents of the Bay Ridge section of Brooklyn, both textile experts by profession, Gianola and Maglio had never met until the Navy brought them together—in Brooklyn.

After graduating from Straubenmuller Textile High School, Gianola got a job with the R. H. Macy & Company department store in 1937 as assistant textile technician in its Bureau of Standards. Nights he plugged away at advanced technical courses, and in 1943 joined the Navy as an inspector of textiles.

Dom, who had gone to New Utrecht High, in Brooklyn, started his career on the ground floor as office boy in the sample room of a textile firm. In 14 years he advanced to salesman and then joined the Army as a textile inspector.

In 1944, the same year that Gianola became supervisor of a branch of the Navy's brand-new Research and Development Department, Maglio entered the same service. He was the first technologist to join Gianola's department; today there are more than 50, many with textile degrees.

Their little office was tucked away in the huge, waterfront warehouse which handles vast stores of Naval clothing. When the men at sea complained bitterly about their cold-weather clothing (foam-rubber insulated uniform and an alpaca-lined outfit at that time), it was strictly the baby of the Clothing Supply Office. Gianola and Maglio went to work.

First they tested the popular ideas on cold-weather clothing. Some experts advocated bundling up in furs like the Eskimos, others in quilted materials like the Chinese. "We tried them all—so much hogwash," Gianola says.

Dom adds, "If you took all the scientific papers on cold-weather clothing and put them together—it would make a fire that would keep a man warm."

That left only one approach, a series of fumbling, hit-or-miss but *practical* experiments in their specially constructed cold room—temperature 60 below. For Maglio, this was dream work. Heat gives him a headache, and unless he sleeps in the raw, even in winter, he can't get a decent night's rest.

But poor Gianola! Allergic to cold, he sleeps with his socks on, no matter how hot the weather. Nonetheless, teeth chattering, he joined Maglio in spending 16 hours weekly in the cold room, testing, discarding, testing again.

They were tenderfeet, and they learned about cold the hard way. Once, at 78 below, Gianola marched round and round the room for 45 minutes till the boots he was testing froze solid and shattered on the floor. His eyes froze shut, too, temporarily blinding him.

"Those days, we didn't have any alarm or phone system," Maglio recalls. "We didn't even bother to have anyone standing by. We'd just disappear inside the cold room for four hours. Then we'd look at each other—and try to figure what we had found out."

Once they almost perished when moisture which had collected overnight froze the door of their homemade icebox. It was more than an hour later before anyone missed

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them, and another half hour before the door could be pried open with crowbars.

"Funny thing," Gianola says. "I wasn't a bit cold till I found the door had jammed."

BY 1946, THEY HAD rejected dozens of materials and combinations of materials. In desperation, they studied reports from the Canadian Army on its unsuccessful experiments at Fort Churchill with the "moisture barrier" principle. To keep the moist body vapors from penetrating the insulating material used, the Canadians had worn rubber underwear directly over the skin. You can imagine the men's reaction to the extreme cold and clamminess of the rubber.

Gianola and Maglio looked at each other and snapped their fingers. With certain refinements, this might be it! By 1947, they had achieved their goal, at least on paper. Since the comforts of "moisture barrier" clothing are now also available to civilians, here is how it works.

First, sandwich some insulation medium between two waterproof layers of cloth. Next, put a moisture-absorption material (such as cotton underwear) next to the body. Finally, don a waterproof garment. This eliminates rubber clamminess next to the skin and moisture penetration of the insulation. Also, it prevents the wind from blowing through the cloth and taking heat from the body.

Promising as it sounded (to Gianola and Maglio), other experts were not at all convinced. The excited team wanted to experiment first with a new boot. But, to the rubber industry, the very idea was preposterous. Finally, Hood Rubber Company agreed to cooperate, after Maglio, who knew nothing about rubber or bootmaking, constructed a model pair by hand.

The first experimental boots were a sensation—in the cold room—but Gianola and Maglio had been stung like that before. They had to test them under *actual* conditions.

Maglio went to Kodiak Bay in Alaska and took the ruggedest job in the 32-ship fleet anchored there. It was the exposed post of the tillerman on the mailboat which visited all the vessels in a three-hour, 26-mile run.

Maglio put on both "moisture barrier" boots and clothing and stood watch. He almost fell overboard a couple of times in a blizzard, but noted scientifically that he was "just comfortable" while the hardened tillerman shivered.

For his part, Gianola flew to Point Barrow, some 50 miles from the Ice Cap, where the winter temperature regularly hits 40 to 60 below. On the icebound peninsula were both military personnel and 500 cold-wise civilian oil workers who knew that the right clothing means life or death in the North—sometimes in the space of an hour.

No one there would wear Gianola's "moisture barrier" clothing. The oil camp superintendent said that he personally would eat the boot if it were any good.

Gianola poured water inside it and sloshed around for almost two

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hours in the 42-below weather. Then he proved that the water inside had actually *warmed* up by eight degrees.

"They were impressed," he says. "But *not* convinced."

FINALLY, IN NED NUSINGINYA, the senior Eskimo, Gianola found an unexpected supporter. About to embark on a hazardous month's trip alone on the tundra, Ned said simply, "Lieutenant"—the highest rank in Eskimo etiquette—"I like to test your boots."

Gianola suddenly became unsure of himself. The boots, he pointed out, had never been used for longer than two or three days. If anything happened to them, if Ned's feet began to get cold, he must promise to change into the regular Eskimo boots, Gianola told him.

"Not taking any other boots," Ned said.

As the Eskimo departed, Gianola began sweating out the test so volubly and pathetically that the camp superintendent ordered the oil company pilot on a daily boot reconnaissance flight over Ned. And every day the pilot reported that the Eskimo pointed to the boots and then triumphantly wagged his thumb toward the plane.

When he returned, Ned paid the supreme compliment. "I *never* take these boots off," he said.

After that, the camp superintendent was the first statesider to test them. "I know what I said," he told Gianola, "but they're just too blankety-blank good to eat."

When Gianola and Maglio got together again back in Brooklyn, they decided the boots should be given last, definitive tests at Mount Washington which, as it turned out, were almost last tests in more ways than one.

The day of their "blue coffee" ascent, no one at the Army base below knew they were making the climb. There was no chance of other climbers finding them, for Army personnel had been ordered off the slope because of the weather.

The wind was blowing so strong, the men calculated, that it was exerting 75 pounds pressure against every exposed square foot of their bodies. More graphically, Gianola recalls, the gusts were so powerful that his 200 pounds would have been airborne if he hadn't constantly crawled flat on his stomach.

"If we hadn't left that blue coffee as evidence," Maglio grins, "the Army never would have believed we were up there at all, in that weather."

Thoroughly convinced, they now set about persuading numerous armchair scientists who hadn't been there but stubbornly opposed their "moisture barrier" ideas. At one stormy meeting in Washington, Gianola recalls, he was sorely tempted to tweak the nose of a distinguished consulting savant who snorted negatively. The Navy made no secret of its discovery, and eventually all three of the Armed Services accepted it. The Marine Corps alone ordered 100,000 pairs of the "Thermoboot," while the Navy adopted every item of clothing and footwear that the team developed.

By now, Gianola had a good Civil Service job as director of the burgeoning Research and Development Division; Maglio was Chief of the Environmental Clothing Branch. They could look forward to many pleasant, less strenuous

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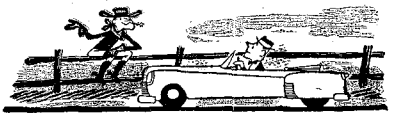
years and, eventually, retirement on about $90-a-week pension.

"It sounded too much like a rut to us," says Gianola.

So, mission accomplished, their hard-learned know-how imparted to their bright young textile assistants, Gianola and Maglio have stepped out of the Navy. In the civilian cold-weather clothing field, they think, there are brand new, almost illimitable opportunities. Soon, "moisture barrier" boots and garments will be available for anyone who must get out into the cold and doesn't like it.

Home in Brooklyn, they have organized their own corporation, The Techno Efficiency Council, Inc., to develop and merchandise the goods and also to continue research on the side for military and commercial interests. They have lined up various clothing manufacturers for production of a full line of "Thermowear" foul-weather garments, and are working closely with Bristol Manufacturing Company at Bristol, Rhode Island, on the "Thermoboot."

At the moment, they are enthusiastic about something new: a light, flexible, three-finger glove based on the "moisture barrier" principle, which Gianola predicts will protect a man's hand in the severest cold found any place in the world without impeding finger action.



Texas Talk

DRIVING THROUGH western Texas, a tourist asked how far it was to the next town and was told, very casually, "Oh, about three or four hundred miles down the road a piece." —*Wall Street Journal*

THERE WAS ONCE a Texas rancher who could look at any herd of cattle and, inside of three seconds, tell just how many animals there were in the herd.

A stranger to the section bought several thousand acres of grazing land and filled it with cattle. Hearing about the counting rancher, the stranger took him to the top of a hill where they could look down on a large herd. "Can you tell me how many cattle are in that herd?" asked the stranger.

"Fifteen hundred and six," the rancher replied without hesitation.

Somewhat surprised, the stranger said, "That's right. But let's go to the other side of the hill and see if you can guess how many cattle are there."

"I don't guess. I tell exactly how many," said the rancher, walking to the other side of the mountain. "There are more down there—let's see. There're twenty-two hundred and sixteen—no, seventeen, animals in that herd."

"Gosh!" exclaimed the stranger. "How do you do it?"

"It's easy," answered the rancher casually. "I count their feet and divide by four." —*The Line*

WHAT WINDSTORMS they have in Texas! A farmer started to drive to town the other day and his ranch passed him three times on the way.

—BOB HOPE

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Oregon's Golden Menace

by NORMAN *and* MADELYN CARLISLE

How an Irish barrister's idea developed into a destructive botanical horror

DRIVE ALONG the Southern Oregon coast in the springtime and you will see a sight of almost breath-taking beauty—a sweep of gold rolling up from the long, sandy sea beaches. Upon closer examination, you will find that the spectacle is created by a tangle of impenetrable, five-foot bushes with long, sharp thorns and brilliant yellow flowers.

The plants climb slopes, swirl down the precipitous sides of ravines, spread into misty forests, and straggle across the borders of farms.

If, dazzled by the golden splendor of what you have seen, you mention it to a farmer, he will probably fix you with a stony stare. For, to him, this billowing sea of gold is an implacable enemy.

Speak of it to an inhabitant of the little town of Bandon-by-the-Sea, and he will say, "Maybe it's pretty to you, Mister, but I guess you don't know what happened around here." For strangely, at Bandon-by-the-Sea, a botanical horror was turned loose on Oregon.

Eighty years ago, there was no such yellow flood surging up over Oregon's dunes. That was when George Bennett, an Irish barrister, first saw this rich, lovely land at the mouth of the Coquille River.

To Bennett, it looked like the perfect place for a settlement. He gave it the name of his own home town and marked out farmlands.

Soon he discovered a disturbing fact about his land. Urged by the winds of the Pacific, the sand was moving inland. No walls could stop its inexorable march.

The barrister's thoughts went back to his home country, along whose beaches grew a tall, thorny plant, the Irish furze. Perhaps it would grow here and hold down the creeping dunes.

On a trip to Ireland, he came back with a suitcase full of furze seeds. Carefully he planted them in long rows along the shoreward side of the dunes and waited.

Soon they were flourishing beyond his hopes. As the thorny newcomers grew in size, the invasion of the dunes was slowed.

Other farmers joined in sowing the seeds of the new plant that

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could defy the sands. Too late, they learned that they had stopped one invader, only to get a worse one, with deadly potentialities that would one day cost millions of dollars, devastate farms, and utterly destroy the very town which George Bennett had named.

Something in the alien soil touched off an explosion of growth in those plants that came from across the world. Patches of furze soon began springing up far from the original site, as wind and birds carried the seeds.

Desperate farmers hacked the plants down, but new branches swiftly sprang up from the roots. They tried burning them, but, though they blazed furiously, in a few months green shoots were growing rampant again.

Agricultural experts who were called in tried chemicals, but the plants seemed to flourish on poisons that would kill anything else.

They continued to run riot, choking pastures, spreading over valuable cranberry bogs worth $800 an acre, fighting their way in among the white reaches of the Easter lilies, that have made the region an agricultural treasure-trove. In time, Bandon-by-the-Sea, now a town of 1,500, was surrounded by surging masses of furze.

It was a September day in 1936 that the plant finally showed its full malevolence. Citizens of the town were not particularly worried when they awoke to see the sun a baleful red ball. The sky, at that time of year, was often gray with the haze of burning woods. There was a minor slashing fire some distance east, but fire fighters in the area thought they would soon have it under control.

They reckoned without the furze. A freakish wind carried flames and sparks toward the thorny bushes. There was a sudden searing puff of fire, and the whole region around the town was transformed into a howling inferno.

Trapped in their homes by the sudden disaster, seven people were burned to death. The rest fled in a caravan of cars and trucks.

Later, they came back to stare in horror at the blackened ruins of what had been called "the most beautiful town in southern Oregon." The entire business district and all but a few smoke-blackened houses had been destroyed.

It's a thing of beauty, all right, this strange plant from Ireland. It still keeps creeping steadily over new acres, spreading slowly year by year, stopped only by bulldozers which rip it out.

You can understand why the people near Bandon-by-the-Sea say that George Bennett laid a curse on his new homeland, when he brought to it what turned out to be Oregon's golden menace.

Well Established

A SERGEANT registering for a spare-time course in automotive engineering, filled out the regulation enrollment questionnaire. To the query: "How long has your present employer been in business?" he wrote: "Since 1776."

—SYLVIA GREY

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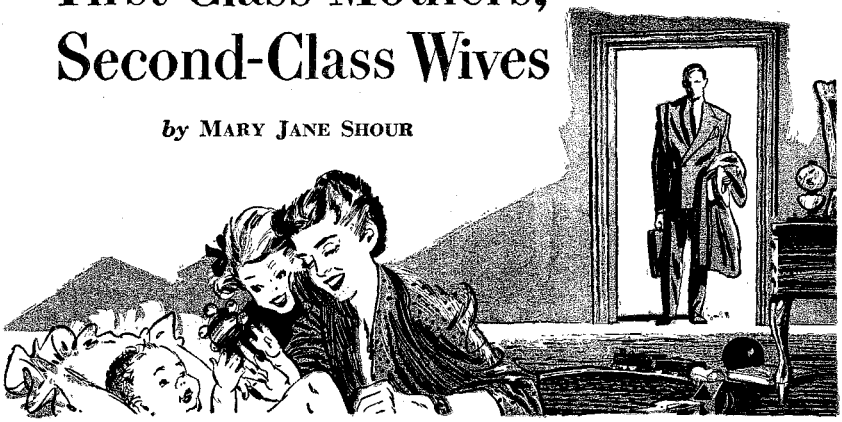
First-Class Mothers, Second-Class Wives

by MARY JANE SHOUR



When devotion to one's children means neglect of one's husband, there's danger ahead!

"BUT I'M A GOOD MOTHER. Even Jim admits it, and yet look at the way he acts!"

I felt sorry for Jim's wife. She had lived for their children, functioning admirably as a combination nurse, teacher and child psychologist. Now, after seven years of marriage, her home was breaking up. She had just confessed to me that Jim wanted to leave.

"And it isn't as if I haven't been a wonderful mother," she wailed for the tenth time.

"That's just it," I told her. "You've put your finger on the trouble. You're *too good* a mother!"

This case is typical in many American homes today; the nursery has become the most important room in the house. Junior's high chair occupies the place of honor that should be reserved for Dad's easy chair; and Dad himself has been forced to relinquish his traditional husband role as head of the family, companion and lover, to become just Dad—a necessary prop to complete the domestic scene.

More and more American women are neglecting the romantic side of marriage in favor of motherhood. More and more of their husbands are bewildered and hurt when they return from the office, tired and brimming with problems, to be greeted by a niggardly kiss, delivered on the run by a busy stranger who says over her shoulder that it's time for baby's bottle.

Now, these men are good fathers. They love their children and want them to get the best of care; but who can blame a husband if he looks forward to a measure of wifely devotion at the end of a tiring day? European women seem to manage this and be mothers, too. What is wrong with our own girls, who are the most attractive and efficient on earth? As one American husband recently put it: "Seems like my wife

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left the girl I fell in love with in the delivery room!"

Good marriages are created by good wives, and a good wife has to be more than merely a good woman and/or a good mother. Thousands of cases to prove this point can be found in the files of divorce lawyers, ministers and marriage counselors. But you don't have to be a specialist to have this widespread condition called to your attention. You must have noticed it yourself.

For example, I know of four women who, in their separate ways, have become absorbed in their children at the expense of their husbands. All meant well; nevertheless, they all face the growing threat of divorce. Here are the stories of their married lives, as told to me, with last names withheld, by a marriage counselor:

1. *The case of Alice.* I remember when she was fun to be with, before her little girl was born. Since then, she has devoted every waking moment to being a mother. She made up her mind to give her child all the advantages she had lacked in her own youth.

She slaved and saved for her daughter's future. By dispensing with luxuries, by doing every bit of housework and caring for the child herself, Alice managed to get by on a modest budget. But also, she was penny-wise.

Instead of investing in timesaving devices to lighten her chores, she took the long way 'round and was so weary after her busy domestic day that she could barely manage to be civil to her husband in the evening. When he suggested hiring a baby-sitter and going to the movies, Alice complained that it was too expensive, and besides, she was too weary to go out.

At first, they sat home together. Alice yawned as he tried to tell her the events of his day; he yawned as she pursued her favorite topic—the care and training of their daughter. After a while, they would go to bed, where Alice fell immediately into an exhausted sleep. Eventually, her husband started going out without her.

Alice's daughter is now in her teens, "going steady" with a nice young man. Soon Alice will be left all alone. You see, her husband met someone else on one of those bachelor evenings—someone who may lack Alice's noble character but who is good company. He has promised to wait until their daughter marries before going ahead with his suit for divorce.

Poor Alice! She has been a fine mother, but what a bore!

2. *The case of Janet.* Here is that modern phenomenon, the high-powered career woman. Janet went to work after the babies were born, inspired by the loftiest of motives—to supplement her husband's income and thus provide economic security for the children.

Janet accomplished her purpose with furious energy and crisp efficiency. Her daughter's piano lessons, the braces on her son's teeth, expensive private schools kept Janet overtime at her desk. Today, she is considered a success. She has even surpassed her husband as a wage earner. But she is a complete failure as a wife!

Long ago, Janet fell in love with her career. She treats her husband much as she does her secretary or one of the children. She doesn't ask

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him for advice. It has been a long time since she made him feel important; but it has also been a long time since he has wanted to make love to her.

Men rarely remain attracted physically by wives who try to play the dominant role. Janet's husband has just moved to a separate bedroom. Should he accuse her of sacrificing their marriage to her career, Janet undoubtedly will answer indignantly: "But I did it for you and the children!"

3. *The case of Susan.* Any youngster would describe this pretty, vivacious young matron as the ideal mother. There is so much of the child in her own immature makeup that Susan is thoroughly at home in a child's world. She knows how to capture a youngster's interest with stories of magic and wonder; she joins the children enthusiastically at their games; she is ready with sympathy when things go wrong.

When Susan's boys get older, they will take her dancing and proudly present her to their friends as "my best girl." She is a real pal to her sons, but, unfortunately, not to her husband!

Susan's trouble is that she carries the child's viewpoint into the grown-up world. It permeates her marital relationship and makes her a misfit in her adult capacity of wife. Susan is incapable of sharing her husband's pleasures or problems, because she has failed to grow up to his intellectual level.

When they spend an evening with friends and the talk turns to world affairs or a new novel, all Susan can contribute is an account of the recent doings of Hopalong Cassidy. As for sex—Susan had always been the affectionate rather than the passionate type, and she uses up most of this affection on the children. There is little left for a husband.

The day is not far off when he will tire of his perpetual child bride and start looking around for some adult female companionship.

4. *The case of Ann.* There are many women like Ann, who marry without love. Some, but not all of them, are unattractive. Some are shy, some maladjusted, some have been jilted, some have limited opportunities. All of them compromise on their wedding day, but only those who have strong character settle down to make the best of the bargain.

Often, these marriages turn out happiest of all, especially when the wife tries to make up to her husband for a lack of love with added solicitude and kindness. Ann could have been one of those women. She had just begun to discover that marriage could be pleasant, if not thrilling, when the baby was born. From the moment she heard his first cry, no one existed for her but her son.

Ann could have had her son's love and her husband's as well, but she was afraid that the father would outrank her in the boy's affections, so she unconsciously embarked on a program of mutual antagonism. "Divide and conquer!" was her motto, though she would be the last to admit it.

She goaded her husband into working harder "for the sake of your child"; she rushed to protect the boy from paternal scoldings,

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crying: "How dare you be so cruel to my son?"

Ann made the boy feel that his father was an ogre and caused the father to regard his son as an obstacle that kept him from enjoying life. Also, she cheated herself of the chance of building a solid and rewarding marriage. As it is, Ann's husband is ready for divorce.

None of these four women actually wanted to break up their marriages. All of them would be stunned if you suggested that the failure was their fault. Haven't they each made sacrifices for the sake of their children? Yes, indeed. But their selflessness becomes in reality a form of selfishness, when you realize that it was paid for with the happiness and well-being of the men to whom they are married.

Fortunately, however, for most American women, it isn't difficult to be a first-class mother as well as a first-class wife.

Here are some suggestions that should prove helpful to any matron willing to try:

1. Keep your personal life marked *private* to the children. Grownups having fun are apt to look pretty silly to youngsters. Don't let the children stop you from being a companion to your husband. By the same token, keep up with him intellectually, especially after the babies are born.

2. Arrange your life to run on schedule. But if it comes to a choice between using precious time to mend a son's football sweater or resting up to be attractive for your husband when he comes home, by all means skip the sweater.

3. Never belittle your husband to the children. Remarks like "What do you expect—you know your father!" are not conducive to a tranquil home life.

4. Remember that your husband is just as anxious to provide for his children as you are to see him do it. So don't push him. Also, you might consult with him about important problems of child care, education, and the like. After all, he *is* a half-partner in the children and is concerned with their welfare.

And, most important, don't forget that you were a wife before you became a mother. Stay that way! If you do, you will soon realize that it is the best possible insurance for a long, happy and harmonious married life.

Priceless Price

A FOOL AND HIS MONEY will get a lot of attention from headwaiters.

THE FEMALE BRAIN is slightly smaller and less complex than the male brain. The female brain is divided into only two parts: (1) dollars and (2) cents.

A BIRD IN THE HAND can often turn out to be very embarrassing.

—ROGER PRICE, *In One Head and Out the Other* (Simon & Schuster)

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The Man Behind Those Heinz Foods

by SAM BOAL

"Jack" has extended his food business far beyond the original "57 Varieties"

THE BEST-SELLING KETCHUP in the world is a product composed of about 15 ingredients. Most of them are familiar to almost everybody, being such common things as tomatoes, vinegar, salt, onions and sugar. But the one component of this particular ketchup which is not familiar to most consumers is the one which some people think is the most important. This ingredient is a man named H. J. Heinz, II.

At 45, Heinz—everyone calls him "Jack"—is as zestful as one of his own products. He is tense, quick, and good-looking enough to make film stars grumble with frustration. His charm has a kind of boyishness about it, the kind of groping inquisitiveness a Cub Scout has on his first hike through mysterious woods. Yet he is a polished sophisticate and gourmet whose good friends are such people as Dick Mellon or Winston Churchill, men not celebrated for their Boy Scout attitudes.

His conversation is a thing of wonder to his friends. One of them recently clocked his talk for five minutes and reported that in that time he discussed Eisenhower, the British Ministry of Food, weather conditions in Africa, Gauguin, the necessity for strong character in people, Cambridge University, the Paris theater, the price of small cucumbers, a sunset in Venice and a sunrise off New Zealand, Maxim Litvinov and his views on world government, Rachel Carson's *The Sea Around Us*, present-day life in the Soviet Union, and recipes for lobster bisque.

The fact that Heinz manages to be earnest about his many interests is in itself something of a surprise, since he did not have to be. He was born wealthy and, when his father died when Heinz was only 32, he was even wealthier. He could have taken up any kind of life he wished rather than the one he chose—which was selling pickles and things.

But he stayed with the business and, during his 11 years as president, Heinz sales nearly tripled. Last year, the company did a business of $206,000,000, a figure which comprised well over a billion separate bottles, jars or cans of 411 different kinds or sizes of baby foods, soups, jellies, sauces, condiments and even plum puddings. (The famous Heinz "57" has long ago been outgrown.)

The Heinz empire is flung across the world, to the more than 200 countries and territories where its products are sold. Heinz has 12 factories located in the U. S., 2 in Canada, 2 in England, and 2 in

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Australia. Practically the only countries not eating Heinz foods are those behind the Iron Curtain, and friends say that the one sight Jack Heinz wants to see more than almost any other is Malenkov eating Heinz tomato soup.

Not only is Heinz president of his company and thus responsible for the manufacture and marketing of its products, but he is also its chief taster. One of the problems of any large food processor is keeping the flavors good, and unvarying as well. It is essential that a Heinz pickle bought in New Orleans tastes the same as one bought in Maine—a difficulty not faced by small, local producers. Since not all Heinz output of any one item is produced in one factory, this has made necessary a complex system of taste control.

Local variations in the flavor of raw ingredients must be minimized by slight changes in recipes, and by the time the product is ready for the consumer, it must be identical in taste to its brother being sold perhaps 3,000 miles away. In his travels, which average about 90,000 miles a year, Heinz is always nibbling away at his products, trying to make sure that the flavor originally cooked into them is still there.

Heinz doesn't make a production of his testing. He merely tastes a new product—or an adaptation of an old one—and makes a mild suggestion. "A little more marjoram," he may say. Or, "Isn't that flour a little on the musty side?" Or "I don't think those peppers are as good as that previous batch."

But not all of Heinz' ideas work out. Some time ago, he tasted a cream of spinach soup in a Paris

restaurant, and when he got home, directed his chief chef to make up a batch. Heinz liked the new soup; so did his associates and so did a group of housewives on whom it was tested. Then it was put on sale.

"It was wonderful," Heinz said, "but it didn't sell."

On one of his trips, Heinz stopped at a grocery store and asked the grocer why the cream of spinach wasn't moving.

"Mister," the grocer told him, "it says spinach on the can!"

Not long ago, Heinz had what he thought was the only really new food idea (aside from frozen foods) that the industry has had in 20 years. He dreamed up five basic sauces, not soups, that were to be sold in cans. The sauces were mushroom, creole, à la king, au gratin and a meat sauce.

"We tried to make them just as good as any chef in the world could make them," Heinz says. "And I think we succeeded.

"We put them on the market, people bought them and when we asked if they liked them, they all said yes. They tasted good; they looked good; they were convenient. But they were also one of our biggest flops. And I still haven't found out why."

Because Heinz is a man with a 25-hour-a-day conscience, the brief vacations he used to take bothered him. His principal relaxation is ski-

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ing, and this is probably typical of the man, since to most people skiing is about as relaxing as being shot out of a cannon. However, hurtling down perilous mountainsides calms Heinz' nerves. He prefers to ski in Switzerland, which is expensive, and Heinz' middle-class conscience always bothered him. He longed for some way to justify his hobby. Two years ago he found it.

He was skiing in Davos, in eastern Switzerland, and after a hard morning in the hills, returned to the ski shack. The man running it offered Heinz a cup of chicken soup.

"It tasted fine," Heinz says, "but it didn't taste like our chicken soup. I could taste the difference but I couldn't figure out what it was. That night, I questioned the man's wife, insisting she give me every ingredient she had used. I discovered that she had used a spice she herself grew the summer before.

"The spice was not a common one, but neither was it rare. When I got home, I put some in a batch of our chicken soup, passed it out officially to both the board of directors and to a sample group of housewives. Everybody loved it. It is now an ingredient in every can of chicken soup that leaves our kitchens."

It is to be noticed that Heinz does not reveal the name of the spice. When quizzed, he pretends not to understand. Heinz the businessman would regard revealing that spice to a competitor as straight lunacy.

THE HEINZ BUSINESS was started by Jack's grandfather in 1869, and Jack can recall sitting on his grandfather's knee, hearing the old man talk to him about life—and pickles. Heinz was apparently given to quoting mottoes (as well as pickle prices) to anyone who would listen, and some of them so impressed him that he had stained-glass windows embodying them placed in the factory where they stand to this day, a source of comfort for the present president.

"To do a common thing uncommonly well brings success," was the old man's favorite, but young Heinz inclined towards, "Luck will help a man across a ditch, if he can jump well enough."

At 16, young Heinz was sent to Indiana to sort pickles. Then, his grandfather having died, the business went into the hands of Jack's father, Howard Heinz, who prepared his son for the food business by sending him to Yale, where he was business manager of the *Daily News*. The paper made a sizable profit during the period of Heinz' tenure; it hasn't made as large a one since. After Yale, Heinz took a trip to Russia, thus beginning the wanderings around the world which haven't stopped yet.

After that, he attended England's Cambridge University, unquestionably the only pickle manufacturer ever to tread its venerable campus. After a year at school, Heinz got a job as a salesman in the English branch of the company. Five years later he returned to the Pittsburgh factory, where he made one important innovation in company policy.

Heinz' father, thinking about selling beans, had convinced him that the purchaser must at all costs be restrained from adding anything to them, for fear that the flavor which emerged so painfully from Heinz' consciousness might be ruined. Young Heinz, after a suitable think-

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ing period, decided that strict adherence to this philosophy was not wise. He reasoned that hardly anyone could be expected to eat more than one or two cans of beans a week as they emerged from the can. If, however, they could be used as a base for other dishes, the consumption would increase.

Working in tasty conspiracy with a Heinz chef, he produced some simple recipes which used Heinz beans but also used other ingredients (preferably Heinz, of course). He acquainted his father with the new philosophy, and the elder Heinz replied (as Heinz knew he would), "Well, son, I'll have to think it over."

When he emerged some time later, he called his son. "I have thought it over," he said, "and, son, I believe you're right." It took some time to educate the buying public, but some of Heinz' colleagues think that this change of emphasis is a principal cause of the astounding expansion of the business.

AFTER HIS FATHER DIED, the decisions were up to Heinz. At the first board meeting, Heinz made a simple statement to these men, all of whom were years older—and presumably wiser—than he. "Gentlemen," he said, "we now find ourselves in a peculiar position. If you make a mistake, we can perhaps correct it. But if I make a mistake, it's too late. I therefore am forced to ask you not to let me make any mistakes; if you do, I will not forgive you easily."

Needless to say, the Board was on his side after that.

One of the decisions Heinz, the founder, had to make was one about smoking. Obviously, workers in the factory were not permitted to smoke—a cigarette butt found in a can of spaghetti would be disastrous. Grandpa Heinz, a just man, ruled that if workers couldn't smoke, neither could executives across the street—nor could visiting salesmen.

Jack's father continued this practice, and young Heinz, after a mental wrestle, decided he, too, would continue it. Not a puff of smoke emerges from the entire Heinz operation during business hours. Employees may smoke in only one Heinz building, the employees' cafeteria, and it is here that every noon a strange ritual takes place.

Most Heinz executives smoke, so as they file into the cafeteria for lunch, the whole line slowly begins to light up, and clouds of smoke pour out over their heads. Herbert Riley, executive vice president and with Heinz himself a top taster, literally chain-smokes during his entire lunch. As the men file out of the cafeteria, their cigarette packets go back into their pockets and they return to their ashtray-less offices.

Sometimes, after a day's work, Heinz will sit with a pipe (because he, too, smokes after business hours) and talk about his work.

"Before my father died," he will reminisce, "we were talking to Churchill one time in England. Churchill looked at me and said, 'Knowing your father, I suppose he will insist on your starting at the bottom of the ladder. This is nonsense. Start at the top and work your way down!'

"Character is a kind of old-fashioned word, I suppose, but without it, a man is nothing. It implies decency, honesty, strength. A large

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part of my job is to evaluate the character and ability of the men who are to become the future executives of our business."

Recently, Heinz has spread his search for character outside his company. He is, for instance, president of the Community Chests and Councils of America and, in 1945, was responsible for the adoption of its red feather symbol. In Pittsburgh, he has his finger in almost every municipal pie.

In a sense, the Heinz family has only one other U. S. counterpart in big industry, and that is the Ford family. Both Heinz and Ford have retained their essentially family structures. It was therefore with pleasure that Heinz recently received a message from Henry Ford's Greenfield Village Museum. It wanted something from Heinz to ship to Dearborn, to add to the collection of Americana there. The Village already had many historic objects: Edison's first workshop, and the birthplace of Stephen Foster. What it wanted from Heinz was the original Heinz building, the two-story structure, still standing, which was the first pickle works.

Recently the old building was moved, stone by stone, and young Heinz watched it go with pride. Standing at his side was his son, 14-year-old H. J. Heinz III, who still hasn't made up his mind about the food business. But he will. Jack got a big laugh from the boy when he told him about a letter he got after the 1952-1953 Christmas rush.

The letter came from an English woman living in Java, who complained that her Heinz plum pudding, sent by a friend in California, was no good. Heinz knew what had happened. The company makes two plum puddings, one in America for the American taste and one in England for British taste. The letter writer, used to English puddings, got an American one.

Heinz knew one of his spice buyers was off to Java, so he called him in and, handing him an English-style pudding, told him to deliver it with the company's compliments.

Later, the buyer appeared at the home of the letter-writer in Java. "Good morning," he said. "I come from the H. J. Heinz plant in Pittsburgh. I understand you wrote a letter complaining about our plum pudding."

The woman's jaw dropped. "From Pittsburgh? All the way from Pittsburgh over my letter?"

The buyer couldn't resist the temptation. "Yes, madam," he said. "From Pittsburgh."

Java hasn't gotten over it yet.

Charming Cheaters

PAYING for coffee at a small restaurant run by a blind veteran, I handed him a dollar bill. He asked the denomination, then quickly gave me the correct change.

"Do you ever have trouble with people giving you ones and saying they're fives?" I asked.

"No, sir," he replied, "the only trouble I have is with people who give me fives and tell me that they're only ones." —*Lionews*

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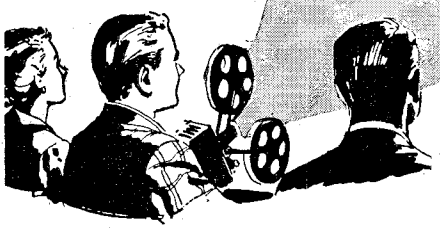

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AGATHA CHRISTIE, the well-known detective-story writer, had just returned from Bagdad, where her archeologist husband had been carrying out important excavations. At a party she attended, a curious guest asked how a woman of imagination felt being married to a student of antiquities.

"An archeologist is the best husband any woman can get," Miss Christie retorted. "Just consider: the older she gets, the more he is interested in her." —*Watchman-Examiner*

A MAN WAS PASSING a clothing store on New York's lower East Side one day, when the long arm of the boss reached out and pulled him into the store.

"I don't need any clothes," said the man, "I have eight suits at home."

"Well," said the boss, "bring them in. I'll make you a partner!"

—*Joey Adam's Joke Book* (Frederick Fell, Inc.)

A YOUNG LADY from the Middle West went to work in a government office in New York. She was proud of her job, so she wrote her parents about it.

"I work," she explained, "in the data analysis group of the aptitude sub-unit of the worker and analysis section of the division of occupational analysis and managing tables of the bureau of labor utilization of the War Manpower Commission, which is under the Office Emergency Management."

Her mother did the only sensible thing. She wired:

"Insist you pack and come home immediately." —*Tea Table Gossip*

A VERY PRETTY REDHEAD window-shopping on Fifth Avenue was being followed by a smooth Latin type. She turned on him indignantly. "You've been following me for three blocks—I saw you. You can stop right now. I'm not the type of girl you can pick up."

The Latin bowed and smiled. "Madame," he said, "I am not picking you up. I am picking you out."

It worked! —HAYDEN P. WALLACE

THE CANDIDATE for Congress had lost the election, but he was trying hard to be big about it. He called the telegraph office, gave the girl his opponent's name and dictated: "Congratulations on your resounding victory. Permit me to extend my heartiest congratulations and to pledge you my sincere, whole-hearted support."

A moment of silence, then the anguished cry, "No, no, lady! Please don't read it back to me—I couldn't stand it." —*Christian Science Monitor*

A FIRST-GRADER, telling her classmates about a Scottish festival she had seen the previous weekend, finished with: "But the best part

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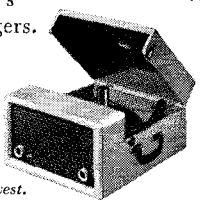

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was when a bunch of men all dressed up in ladies' clothes marched around making funny noises on vacuum cleaners." —Mary Alkus

A MOTORIST, at a roadside market stand, chose a piece of one of those rare old pungent cheeses.

As the proprietor wrapped his purchase, his customer asked anxiously, "Do you think that cheese will keep all right until I get home tomorrow night?"

With a wry smile, the proprietor answered, "Mister, there ain't nothing more *ever* going to happen to that cheese." —*New Liberty Magazine*

WHISTLER, the painter, was at a dinner party one night when a terrible bore bustled up to him and exclaimed pompously, "Do you know, Mr. Whistler, I passed your house last night."

"Thanks," said Whistler softly.

—Lewis & Faye Copeland, *10,000 Jokes* (Garden City Books)

A CUSTOMER entered a variety store and asked the new clerk if they had condolence cards. The girl looked through several drawers, then asked with a puzzled expression, "Is that a game?"—Frances Rodman

AFTER MANY YEARS of stone deafness, a wealthy Kentucky farmer bought an invisible hearing aid. When he returned to the store for some minor adjustments, the clerk asked how he liked the aid.

"Fine," the farmer replied with enthusiasm. "I can hear conversation in the next room."

"I'll bet your relatives are happy now that you can hear again," the clerk remarked.

"Oh, I haven't told them about having a hearing aid," the old gent said with a devilish grin. "I just pretend I still can't hear them.

"And you know, I've changed my will three times already!"

—Joe Creason (*Louisville Courier-Journal Magazine*)

A WOMAN WAITED patiently at a soda fountain while two soda-jerks listened to the baseball broadcast. Finally, when one of them reluctantly tore himself away from the radio, the woman ordered a chocolate milkshake.

The boy whispered, "I'm sorry, lady, but that would be too noisy. How about having a nice quiet chocolate sundae?" —*Capper's Weekly*

A CERTAIN MOVIE producer's wife had stayed home and had babies while her husband became rich and renowned. Consequently, he was hesitant about taking her out to meet his new society friends. She nagged him about it and he finally agreed to take her to a dinner party.

"Keep quiet," he counseled her, "and they will never know how stupid you are!"

Throughout dinner, all she said was yes or no. Afterward, the hostess said, "Let's all go to the library." The wife stared a moment, then exclaimed. "The library is open so late?" —Walter Winchell

DRIVING IN THE business section of a city, a man tried to edge his car past one driven by a woman, who was trying to park in close

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quarters. Suddenly the woman's car crashed into his.

Flushed with exasperation, she leaned her head out of the car window. "You could see I was going to do something stupid," she said. "Why didn't you wait to see what it was?" —*Yorkshire Post*

WHEN UNEXPECTED GUESTS arrived at lunchtime, the flustered hostess whispered to her young son, "Johnny, run to the store and get three avocados, but be sure to pinch 'em first."

The eight-year old returned in five minutes, grinning triumphantly. "Look, Mom, I pinched a whole bag full!" —*Wall Street Journal*

TWO POLES WERE grilled by the Red secret police. The first was freed, the second sent to jail. The first managed to speak to the second before he was taken away.

"What did you say?" he whispered hurriedly.

"I admitted I bought black-market butter while the Nazis were here," the other replied.

"You fool, why did you admit that?"

"I had to," returned the jailed one. "The fellow examining me sold me the butter." —*Voice of America*

JUDGE KENESAW Mountain Landis, late Commissioner of Baseball, was a man who didn't like to quibble over trivialities. After the Judge inspected the soggy Polo Grounds on the morning of the scheduled second game of the 1936 World Series, he released this announcement: "The game is off because of wet grounds."

Back at his hotel, several writers asked the Commissioner to "elaborate" on his announcement.

"Elaborate on wet grounds?" he said. "Why, that's ridiculous."

One writer persisted, however.

"All right," he obliged. "You may say the game is off because of *very* wet grounds!" —*Victorian*

A WELL-KNOWN British scientist once visited Charles F. Kettering, the inventor, to take exception to his views on Diesel locomotives.

"You said you were running these locomotives about 100 miles an hour," the Englishman said.

"We are," Kettering told him.

"And that you were taking power on the front wheels."

"We are."

"But I have formulas here that say you can't do that."

"Heavens," whispered Kettering, "don't tell the locomotive!"

—*Minutes* (Farm Bureau Insurance Co.'s) Columbus, O.

WE HAD A NEIGHBOR, an old gentleman who was always protesting that when he was sick all he wanted was to be left alone. It was a neighborhood joke, for his wife waited on him hand and foot if he had the slightest indisposition. One winter when she was visiting their daughter for a few days, the old gentleman had a bout with his rheumatism. He fussed and fumed until she had to come home. When I

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

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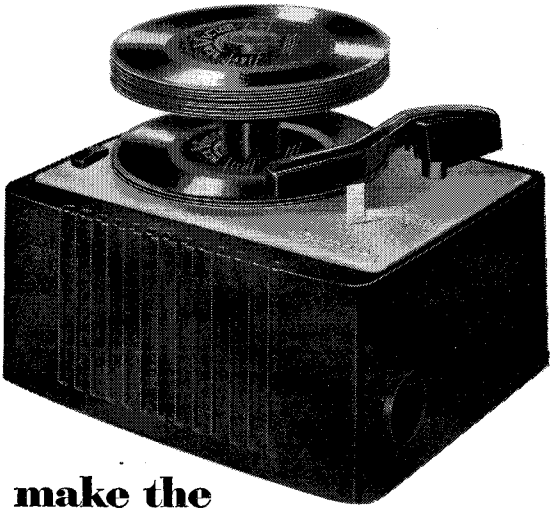

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heard he'd sent for her, I couldn't resist saying, "But I thought you *wanted* to be let alone when you're sick." "I *do*," he replied, "but I want to have somebody around to let me alone." —CLARA J. SMITH

HENRY FORD once granted an interview to a cub reporter. After asking a number of questions about the automotive industry and world affairs, the cub finally got up enough courage to ask: "Mr. Ford, can you find anything wrong with becoming very wealthy?"

Without hesitation, the magnate replied: "Yes, in my case it was when Mrs. Ford quit cooking."

—ANN B. CAESAR

AT THE HEIGHT of a noisy evening of fun-making, five "social club" members piled into a sedan and sped down the highway. The car was going over 80 when one of the men in the back noticed that a door was not securely closed. So he opened it and slammed it shut. One of the bleary-eyed gentlemen in the front spun around, peered into the dark back seat and demanded: "Who came in?" —ARTHUR GODFREY

WHEN THEODORE ROOSEVELT was President, a proud father of triplets wrote him a letter conveying the big news. An ardent advocate of large families, Roosevelt, in a moment of generosity, sent the new parent his congratulations and a loving cup.

He received a grateful acknowledgment in a letter which ended: "Is this cup mine outright or do I have to win it three times?"

—*L & N Employes' Magazine*

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Live in Florida on $300 a Month, by Norman D. Ford

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Wacky, Worried But Wonderful, by Richard G. Hubler

The inside story of Beverly Hills, Hollywood's capital of mink and money. Here, amid architecture ranging from the Moorish to the "mo-derne," the world's strangest suburbanites order books by the yard to fit their library shelves and look upon a man without neuroses as a has-been.

The Windsors in Wonderland, by Iles Brody

David, Duke of Windsor, has also been dubbed "The Husband of the World's Best-Dressed Woman," since his only role in life has become that of acting as her escort. What is his life really like, and how do they live, he and his fabulous Duchess? Next month, Coronet brings you the answers in this condensation of a new and sensational book.

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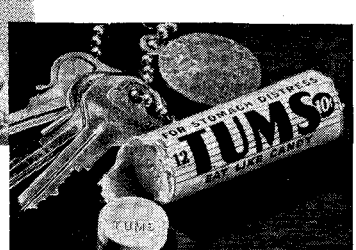

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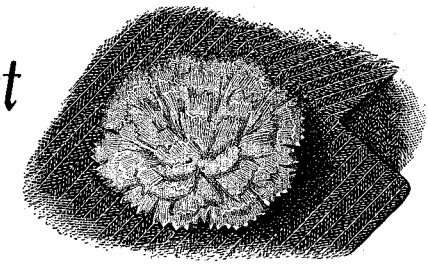
Ohio's Scarlet Carnation



by FRANK SIEDEL

The strange story of President McKinley and the official flower of his native state

IT WAS AN ODD and disappointing campaign, that fall of 1876. Dr. Levi Lamborn, Democrat from Alliance, Ohio, was opposed by Major William McKinley, Republican from Stark County, for the Congressional seat of the 18th District. Feelings were hot on both sides, but the Lamborn-McKinley debates on the issues were inevitably disappointing, the men were so considerate of each other.

It started early in the campaign as the two candidates were awaiting their appearance on the platform.

"Doctor Lamborn," Major McKinley said, "what is that unusual flower you have in your lapel?"

"It was recently brought to this country by a Frenchman," said the doctor, "Charles Marc of Bloomingdale, New York. It's called a carnation. As a great favor I was permitted to buy, at an exorbitant price, six seedlings from him. I have been developing the plants."

A week later at Salem, Ohio, the two candidates were on the platform waiting to be introduced. Lamborn leaned toward his opponent.

"Major," he said, "perhaps you've noticed how the ladies, particularly, seem favorably impressed by my floricultural experiments. This would seem to be an unfair advantage. To equalize this situation, I've taken the liberty of bringing you one of my prize specimens. I call it the Lamborn red."

"It's beautiful, Doctor," McKinley said in admiration. "I'll wear it in my lapel. Perhaps it will bring me luck. . . ."

The Major and the Doctor debated all over northeastern Ohio, and Lamborn always brought McKinley a red carnation for his lapel. When the votes were in and the results official, McKinley called at Lamborn's home.

"I came, Doctor, not to be congratulated," he said, "but to say that I enjoyed our campaign immensely, and to ask you—how are the carnations? I've become superstitious about them. I think of them as a sort of good-luck charm."

WILLIAM MCKINLEY became Governor of Ohio and then President of the United States, and through the years his feeling about the scarlet carnations grew. His desk was never without a vase of them.

Lamborn chose to wear McKinley's favorite species the day he came from Alliance to renew his friendship with the President. The

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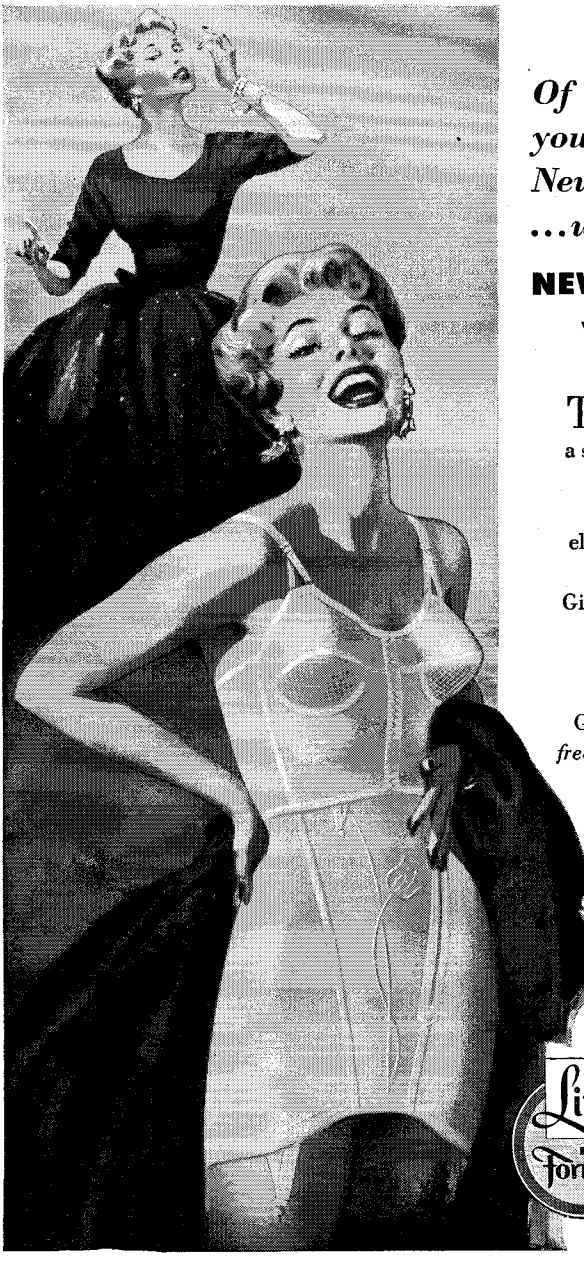

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NEW FORMFIT "UNDER-LOOK"

Today's Outer-Look features a slim, fluid line—bust subtly rounded, midline gently nipped, hips smoothly elongated. You feel so *sure* in Formfit's Life Bra and Life Girdle—with the Under-Look you need to capture this new Outer-Look! Working together, Life Bra and Life Girdle control with *heavenly freedom and comfort.* So many styles, fabrics, elastics—all tailored with Formfit's fabulous flair for beautiful fit! At any nice store. Life Girdle shown, $13.50. Other styles from $7.50. Longline Life Bra shown, $4.00. Other styles from $1.25.

Life by Formfit

THE FORMFIT COMPANY, CHICAGO, NEW YORK

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conversation turned naturally to carnations.

"Your flowers have saved my life on occasion, Doctor," the President told him.

"How is that, Mr. President?"

"Well, you know how some Senators and Cabinet members are; they plague one with their projects. I listen as long as I can, then I simply reach over to the vase and snip off a carnation. That has become a universally recognized signal that the interview is over. Without your flower, Doctor, I'd feel utterly defenseless."

Soon thereafter, September 6, 1901, was officially designated as President's Day at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo. Introductions and a formal public reception had been scheduled for 4 o'clock in the Temple of Music.

Only one person at a time could approach the President. Secret Service men studied everyone in line. A little girl accompanied by her mother came along; behind them was a sinister-looking man with a dark beard, followed by a pale young man who had a bandaged hand. Two agents came forward to stand at either side of the man with the beard.

The little girl shook hands gravely. "I am pleased to meet you, Mr. President."

"The pleasure is all mine, young lady," the President smiled.

"Mr. President," the girl said, "could I have something to show my friends? They'll never believe I really spoke to you."

With great ceremony William McKinley removed the carnation from his lapel. He presented it to the child and the line moved along.

The man with the beard came up. "Pleased to meet you, Mr. President," he mumbled.

The next man stepped forward. The President reached for the unbandaged hand. The fingertips touched. Suddenly the bandage swung in front of the President. Two shots rang through the Temple of Music and William McKinley slumped back onto a chair. . . .

Dr. Lamborn, long since out of politics, did not himself frame the wording of the resolution, but everyone who knew him recognized his touch. It was passed by the Legislature on February 3, 1904.

"Whereas it is fitting and proper that a state should honor the memory of its illustrious sons, and

"Whereas . . . the State of Ohio having no floral emblem,

"Therefore be it resolved by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, the Governor approving: That the scarlet carnation be adopted as the state flower of Ohio as a token of love and reverence for the memory of William McKinley."

That's why Ohio's flower is a carnation—red as blood.

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YOU could have SAVED this little girl!

"The little girl I found covered with maggots and nearly starved on a street in Seoul last week is there again today. She is in the same cramped position, lying on her side in the street. But this time she is dead." So reports 1st Lt. Charles Vogel in a U.P. dispatch. He states that she was taken into an orphanage but there wasn't room for her and, "Then they turned her out from the orphanage." He goes on to explain that when he first saw her, "Of course she wasn't dead then. She could brush off some of the flies with one hand. She could do nothing about the maggots. Her chances weren't good but it seems to me she could have been saved **if anybody had wanted to save her.**"

We do not know what orphanage refused to keep this child. We are glad it was not a Christian Children's Fund orphanage. But before anybody condemns whatever orphanage it was, let's face stern, cruel facts. They reduce down to just one hard fact. If you haven't the room and if you haven't the money to make the room, if you haven't the food and if you haven't the money to buy the food—then you are helpless and have got to let the maggots finish the job for a homeless, friendless, sick child.

The little girl's life could have been saved—just as many other children have been saved—by being cared for in a Christian Children's Fund orphanage. In addition to the 5,000 children in 30 CCF Korean orphanages, Christian Children's Fund assists children in orphanages in the following countries: Borneo, Brazil, Burma, Finland, Formosa, Hong Kong, India, Indochina, Indonesia, Italy, Japan, Jordan, Lapland, Lebanon, Malaya, Mexico, Okinawa, Pakistan, Philippines, Puerto Rico, Switzerland, United States and Western Germany.

You can "adopt" a child in any one of these countries for ten dollars a month and the child's name, address, picture and case history will be furnished. Correspondence with your child is invited—Smaller gifts are equally welcome—God sees not the coin but the heart that gives it.

For information write to: Dr. J. Calvitt Clarke

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.

Richmond 4, Virginia

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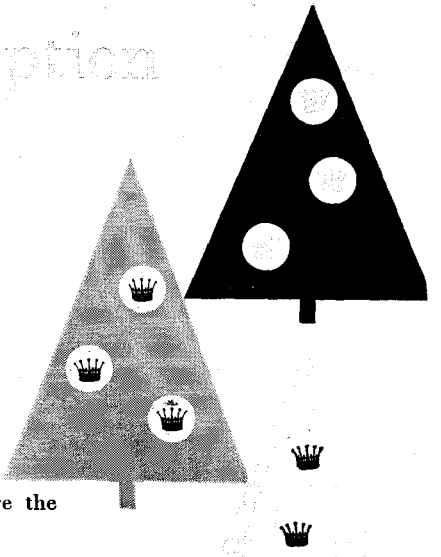
Advance Announcement to Our Readers . . .



At this time of year—Coronet reduces its subscription rates to encourage holiday gift-giving. This advance announcement enables our readers to order early . . . before the Christmas rush begins.

This year, holiday gift rates are at an all-time low . . . and you can include *your own subscription* at these reduced rates.

Assure yourself of complete Gift Service perfectly timed, and avoid hectic last-minute holiday shopping, by ordering now.

COMPLETE GIFT SERVICE

No shopping, no wrapping, no shipping. Coronet handles everything for you. A beautiful full-color card, hand-signed in your name, announces your gift. The gala holiday issue of Coronet in a bright Christmas wrapper starts your gift subscription . . . heralding a year of enjoyment for your friends.

You won't be billed until after the holiday "rush" is over.

1 *one-year gift (regularly $3.00)* $2.50

2 *one-year gifts (you save $1.00)* $5

3 *one-year gifts (you save $2.00)* $7

4 *th and additional gifts* $2.25 *ea.*

Just fill out the postage-paid reply card found *inside the back cover*. For additional gifts, attach list of names and addresses and mail to

Coronet *Boulder, Colorado*

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the solution to your Christmas gift problems

SEND FOR ESQUIRE'S 1953 XMAS MAIL ORDER CATALOG

This year, without leaving your living room, you can solve your Christmas gift problems with Esquire's famous Mail Order Gift Catalog.

You'll find Esquire's Catalog a gift bonanza—a "hundred and one" unusual gift suggestions to please every member of the family: a precision miniature lathe for the home handymen; a lightweight contour chair; a skillet clock for a fancy kitchen; a wooden bar rack for the male mixer; old apothecary jar reproductions. You'll enjoy selecting Esquire gifts almost as much as those who receive them.

However, you'll have to act quickly to reserve your copy because the supply of catalogs is limited. Mail the coupon below plus 25 cents in coin and your copy will be forwarded the first week in November—in plenty of time to order your Christmas gifts by mail.

DO IT TODAY!

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Please send me_____copies of Esquire's 1953 Christmas Gift Catalog @ 25c each. I have enclosed _____in coins to cover the cost of handling and mailing.

Name_____

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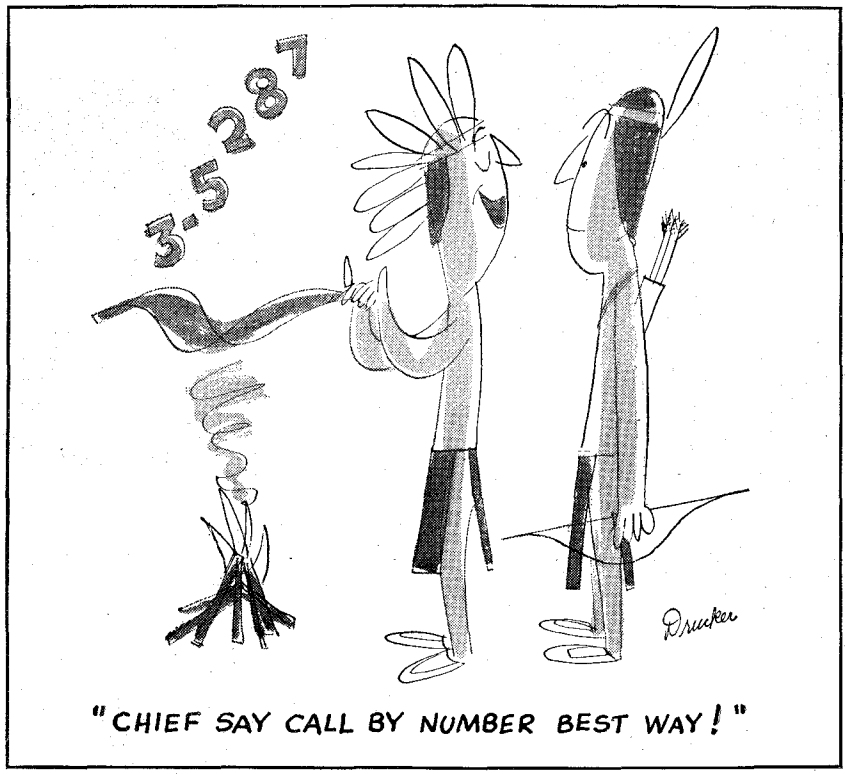

CALLS GO THROUGH FASTER WHEN YOU CALL BY NUMBER

You save time on out-of-town calls when you give the Long Distance operator the number you want.

So here's a helpful hint. Write down the out-of-town numbers you already know. If there's a new number you don't have — or an old one you may have forgotten — be sure to add it to the list when the operator gives it to you.

Would you like an attractive booklet for your telephone numbers? Just ask your local Bell Telephone Company.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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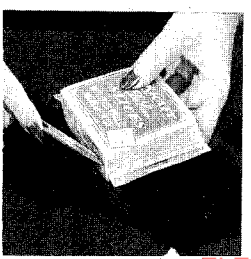
American
Pimento
Swiss • Brick
Sharp Old English
Brand • Pasteurized
Process Cheeses

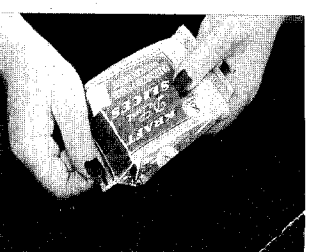
New cheese-roll-ups

it a package of Kraft De Luxe ices on three sides. Note how *sily* the perfect slices sep- ate . . . "easy as peeling banana". Place slices on edium-thin slices of bread rusts trimmed), spread with raft Salad Style Mustard.

Place a hot broiled frankfurter diagonally across each. Bring up corners of bread and Kraft De Luxe Slices; fasten with toothpicks. Broil under low heat until bread is toasted and the delicious cheese filling is beautifully melted. Serve hot.

Press the wrapper around the remaining slices. They'll *keep fresh* because these slices are *not* cut from a loaf, but *formed* as the fine pasteurized process cheese comes from the pasteurizers. That's why they're extra delicious, too!





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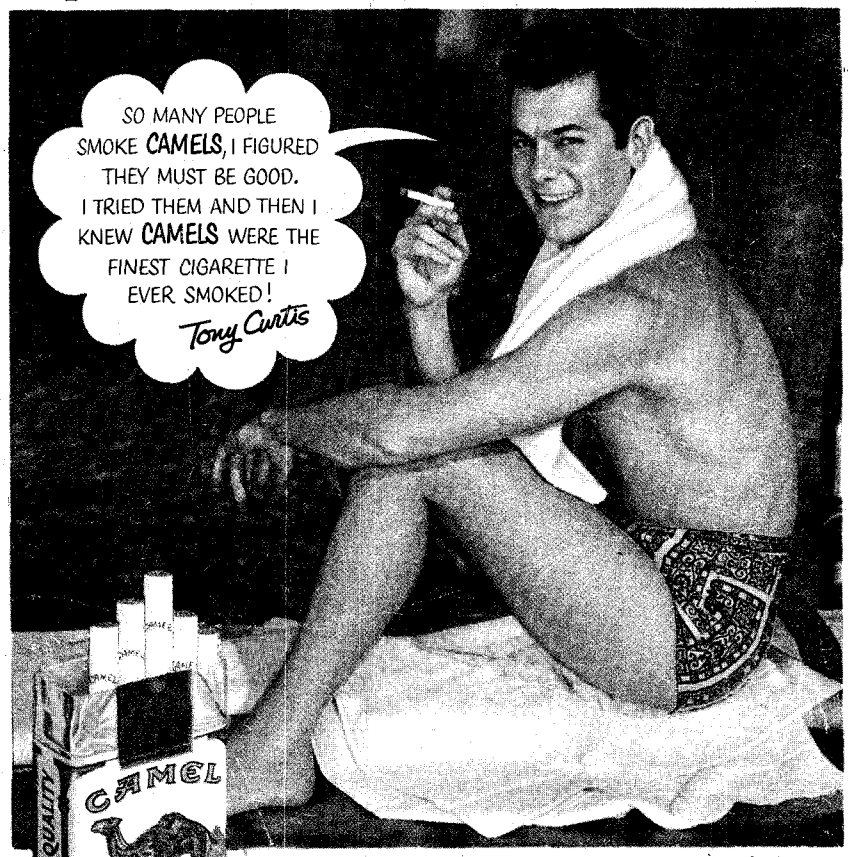
Why did you change to Camels, TONY CURTIS?


SO MANY PEOPLE SMOKE CAMELS, I FIGURED THEY MUST BE GOOD. I TRIED THEM AND THEN I KNEW CAMELS WERE THE FINEST CIGARETTE I EVER SMOKED!
Tony Curtis
CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

TONY CURTIS, star of U-I's "Forbidden", is one of many film stars who smoke America's favorite cigarette, Camels!

For **Mildness** and **Flavor**

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